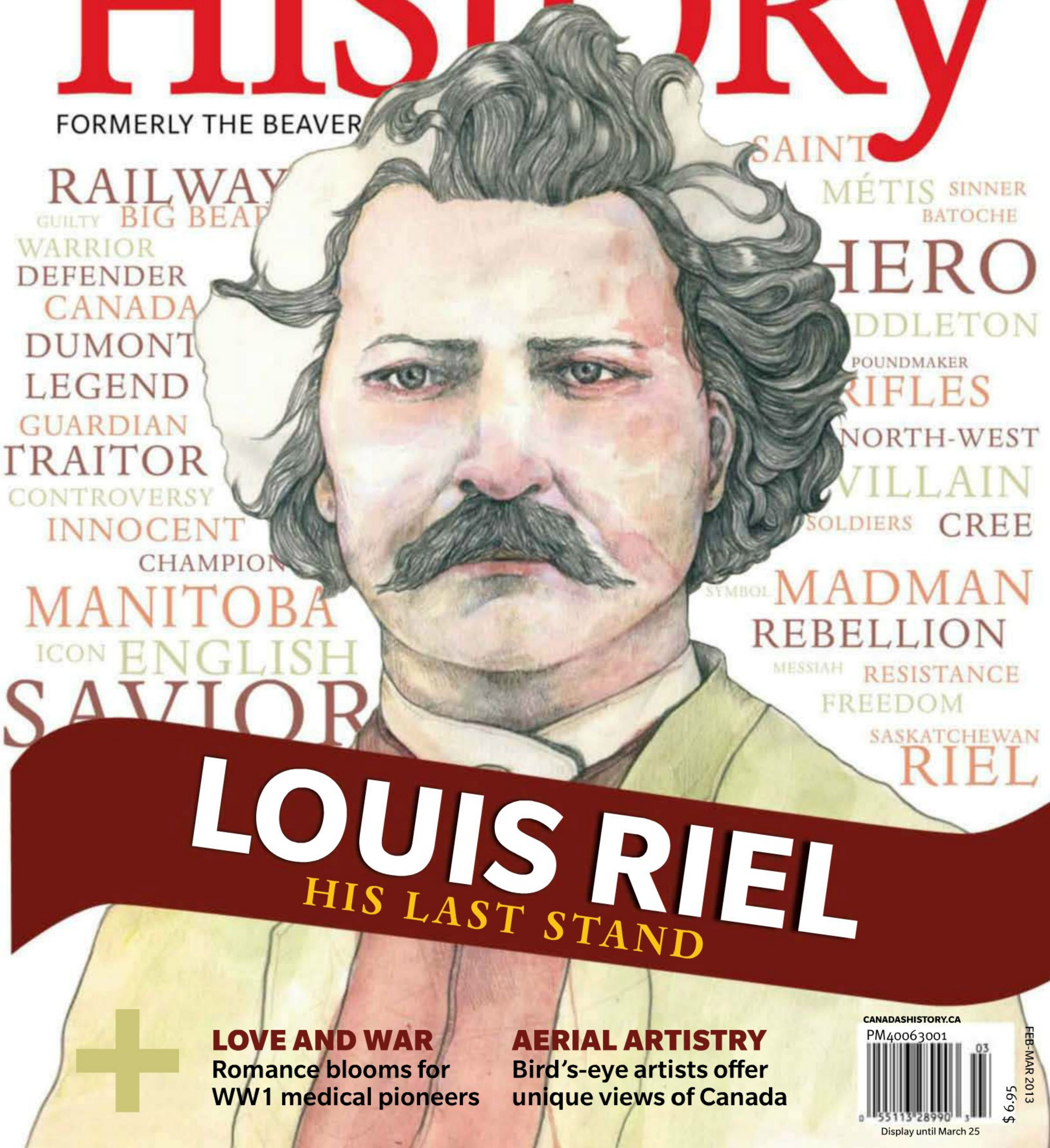
Trials by fire: The Sons of Freedom terrorize 1960s B.C.

CANADA'S HISTORY

FORMERLY THE BEAVER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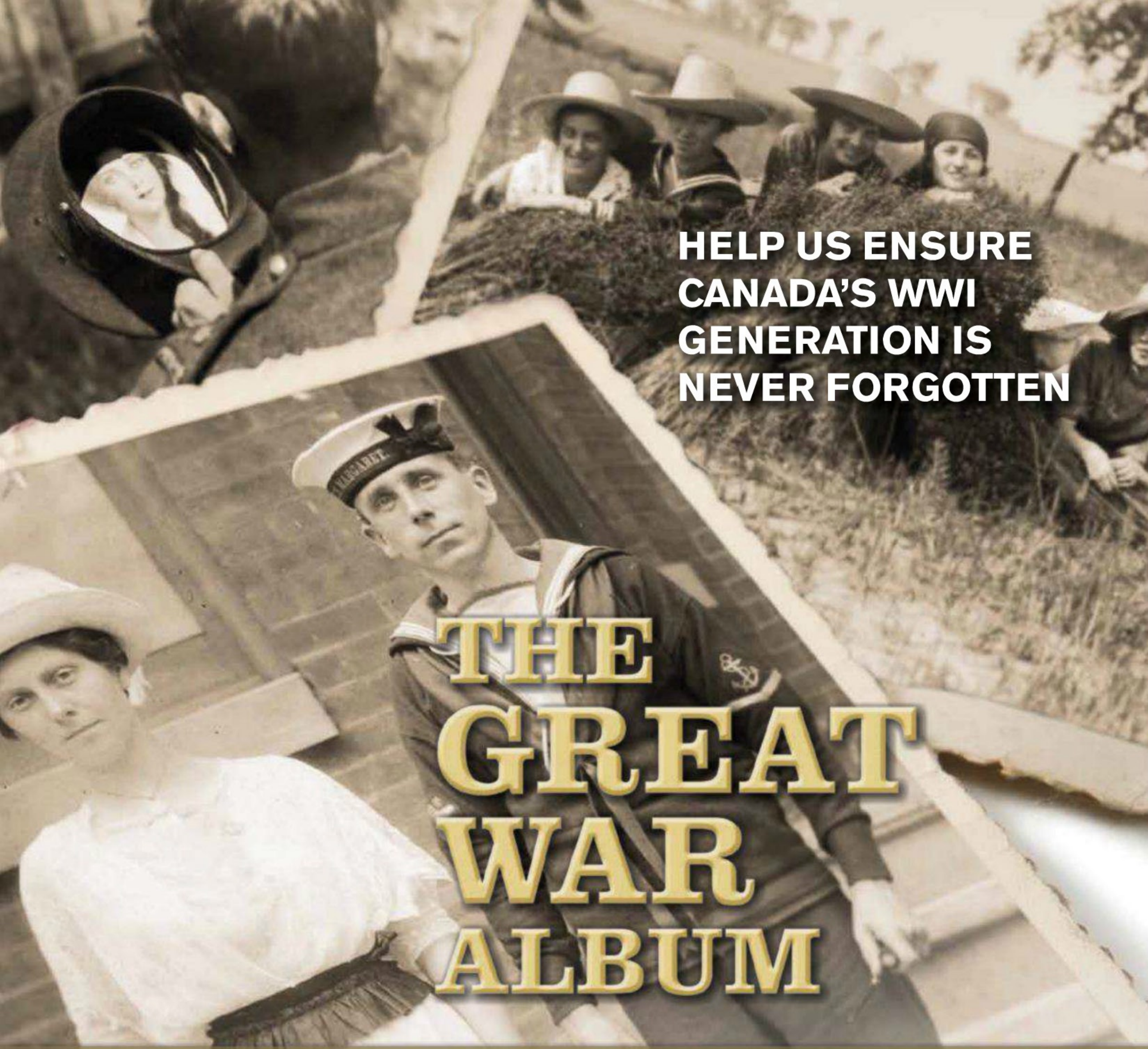

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CANADA'S
HISTORY

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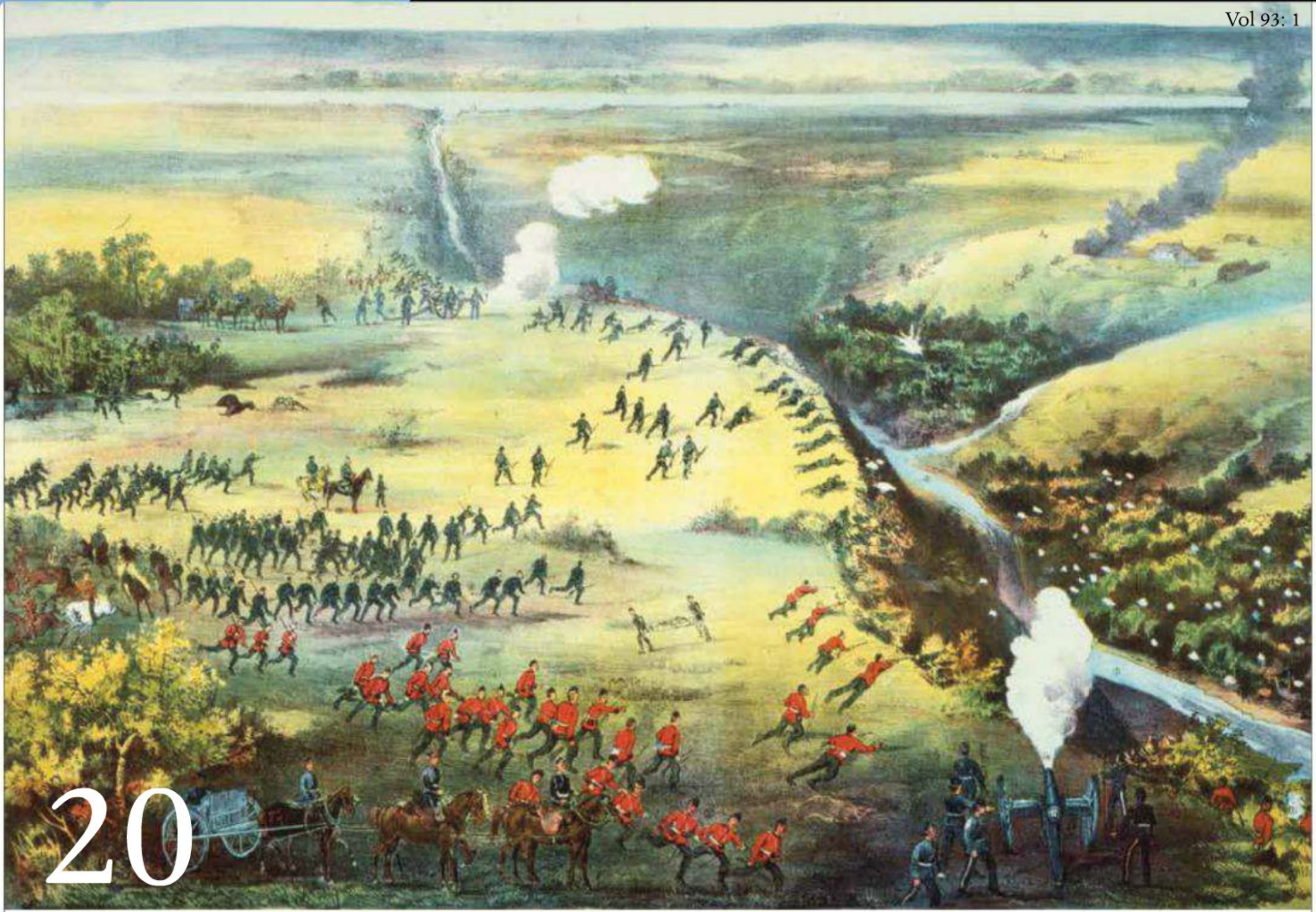

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COVER: TED BARKER

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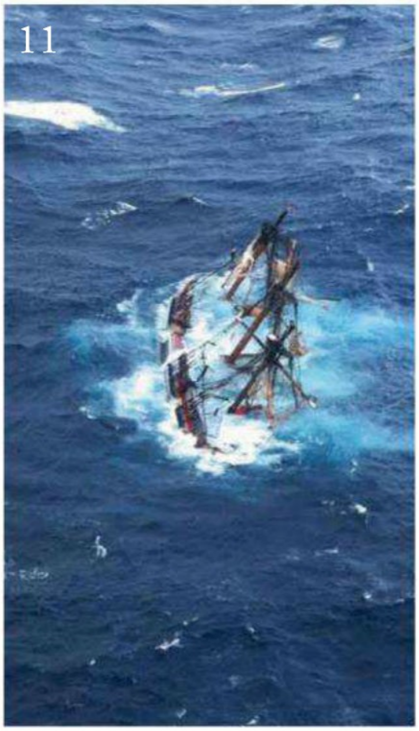
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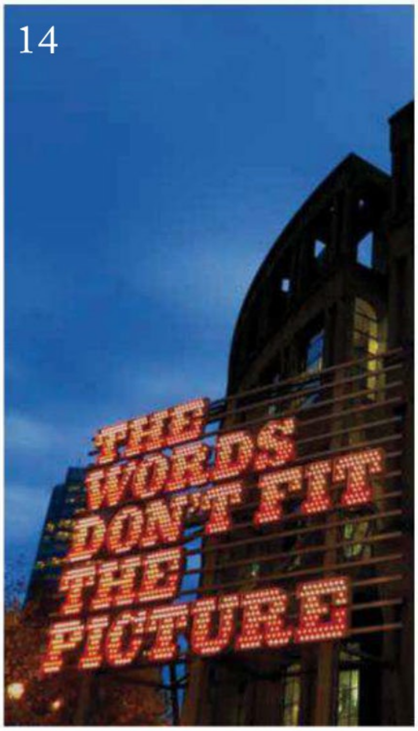
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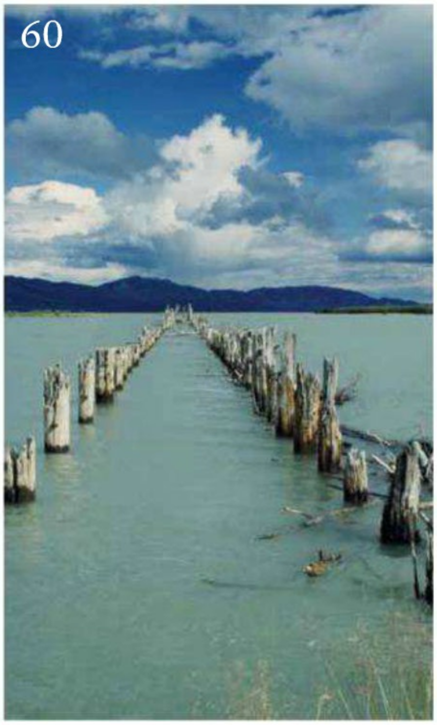
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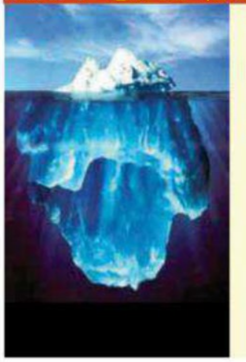

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Canada

The Riel deal

It's said that history is written by the victors. And so, in early post-Confederation Canada, the narrative of Louis Riel was one of rebellion, involving a madman with a messiah complex who sought to prevent Canada's rightful expansion into the Northwest.

Protestant English-speaking Canadians were quick to condemn Riel as a rebel and a murderer for his 1870 decision to execute the "violent and boisterous" Orangeman Thomas Scott. Scott — vehemently anti-Métis, anti-French, and anti-Catholic — sought to overthrow Riel's provisional government. Captured by Métis forces, he was convicted of "insubordination" and sentenced to death by firing squad. Writing in 1883, the journalist and biographer Joseph Edmund Collins condemned Scott's execution as "the foulest crime that stains the page of Canadian history."

Times change. Today, Riel is revered as the father of Manitoba. At the Forks National Historic Site in Winnipeg you can buy T-shirts bearing Riel's likeness, à la Che Guevara, along with the slogan "Keep it Riel." At the Manitoba legislature, about a ten-minute walk from the site of Scott's execution, a statue of Riel stands colossus-like near the banks of the Assiniboine River. Meanwhile, in academic circles, Riel's rebellion has been reframed as a Métis and Aboriginal resistance to a colonizing power.

So who was the real Riel? Traitor or freedom fighter? Villain or hero? In this issue of *Canada's History*, Saskatchewan writer Keith Foster examines the final chapter of Riel's complicated and controversial life — the North-West Rebellion of 1885. In "Thunder on the Prairie," Foster describes a short but vicious conflict won by Canada despite poor preparation and inept leadership.

MARIANNE HELM

As I read it, I couldn't help but feel sympathy for key Métis and Aboriginal players in the drama — for Riel, of course, who was captured, convicted of treason, and hanged for his "crimes" against Canada, but also for Cree leaders Big Bear and Poundmaker, who, despite their attempts to maintain the peace, were blamed for the actions of hotheads within their ranks.

The North-West Rebellion marked the final chapter in the story of Louis Riel but also a new chapter in Canada's rush to settle the "last best West."

Just six months after the rebellion's end, Donald A. Smith drove the last spike at Craigellachie, British Columbia, to complete the transcontinental railway. As European settlers flooded the region chasing cheap land, the last of the bison were being slaughtered. Aboriginal peoples, their nomadic way of life destroyed, struggled to adjust to sedentary life on reserves.

Nearly 130 years after his death, Riel remains a polarizing figure. There have been several attempts — none successful — either to win a pardon for Riel or to have his conviction for treason overturned by Parliament.

Meanwhile, the court of public opinion has already spoken; in February, we in Winnipeg will continue to celebrate Louis Riel Day as a statutory holiday and, hopefully, we will take a moment to ponder how much can change, historically speaking, in the span of just a few generations.

Mark Reid

Contributors

Keith Foster's "Thunder on the Prairie" is his first publication in *Canada's History*. A retired transcriber/editor with the Saskatchewan Hansard office, he has won several awards for historical writing. His narrative poems, stories, and non-fiction have been published in numerous magazines and anthologies. He lives in Regina, where the trial and execution of Louis Riel took place.

Suzanne Evans is the author of "Love Among the Ruins," the story of two pioneering medical professionals and their relationship. Evans is an Ottawa-based writer and former research fellow at the Canadian War Museum. Her works, including her book, *Mothers of Heroes, Mothers of Martyrs: World War I and the Politics of Grief*, focus on Canadian women and war. For more, go to: suzanneevans.ca.

Larry Hannant, author of "Home Fires Buring," is a history teacher at Camosun College in Victoria, B.C. He is also an award-winning author and website creator. He researched and co-wrote a documentary film on the Sons of Freedom, called *The Spirit Wrestlers*, that was broadcast on History Television in 2002. Interviews for that film are the source of many of the personal accounts found in his article.

Jeffrey S. Murray wrote about bird's-eye artists in "Aerial Artistry." He has recently retired from Library and Archives Canada after spending more than twenty-five years documenting the role maps have played in helping Canadians come to grips with their vast geographical diversity. He is the author of *Terra Nostra: The Stories Behind Canada's Maps, 1550–1950* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 2006).

To have and to hold

Canada's History
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R3B 2E9

Thank you for the interesting and provocative article ["Who Won the War of 1812," December 2012-January 2013]. While I think it is an excellent article, the statement "no British territory was lost in North America" has to be challenged. While boundaries were confirmed, the British lost for Canada territory that had been captured, for example, Mackinac Island and land on the mainland.

A famous historian has written that the war in the far west had been won by "red coats, fur traders and Indians" and lost by "British diplomats." In a classic debate between *uti possedetis* [British] and *status quo ante* [American] — Britain capitulated because of European problems and because Canada was not that important to them.

JOE MARTIN, PRESIDENT EMERITUS
CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

Road tripping

Thank you very much to Deborah Morrison for her excellent article, "Roads Less Travelled" [October-November 2012].

Starting in the early 1990s, my wife, Suzanne, I, and our four children began a series of cross-Canada road trips from our home in Ajax, Ontario. When possible, we incorporated visits to such notable Ontario attractions as the Big Nickel (Sudbury), Pancake Bay Provincial Park (Sault Ste. Marie), and the Big Goose (Wawa).

History and geography were presented to the kids in a manner that was as subtle and as palatable as possible. Yes, there were occasions when Sue and I got the eye rolls. But we persisted. Over time, the kids got the hang of things. None ever said, "I don't wanna go."

The "kids" are now in their twenties — the elder two are teachers, and the younger two are in university. The youngest will achieve her undergrad degree in archaeology. Perhaps the history lessons worked.

Sue and I will be back on the road this coming summer — to Newfoundland. I'm sure your Destinations website will prove to be a valuable tool. Thank you for an excellent publication and best wishes for your continuing successes at *Canada's History.*

PAT AND SUZANNE WRIGHT
AJAX, ONTARIO

Family secrets

Paul Jones' Roots column, "Coming clean" [October-November 2012] struck a chord with me. The received view in our family was that my great-grandfather had died in a railway accident at the turn of the twentieth century. It was my family research ninety years later that determined that he had indeed died in a railway accident because he had flung himself in front of a train.

His elder sister, who was the custodian of the family "honour," withheld this information from my father. Discussion of suicides was clearly to be suppressed.

DAVID B. COLLINS
VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

United we stand

Having attended a French-immersion school, I am in agreement with the claim ["Ending the forever crisis,"by Christopher Moore, October-November 2012] that bilingualism is a part of Canada, not just Quebec. As stated in the article, French is a useful tool in our global society.

However, I strongly disagree with the opening statement that forty-nine percent of Canadians didn't think Quebec's separation was a big deal and that an equal amount "didn't care." Many Canadians, including myself, aren't passionate about the ongoing issues in Quebec because we are a younger generation that was not born when the last "separation crisis" happened.

In 1995, public opinion polls held two weeks before the separation vote showed that fifty-five percent of Quebecers were going to vote yes to separating. Three days prior to the vote, previously seemingly disinterested Canadians outside of Quebec held a massive rally. Over 100,000 pleaded for Quebec to remain a part of Canada. By 0.59 percent margin, Quebec has been a part of Canada ever since.

Other more global issues have recently distracted us, but I am sure if another referendum were held, the same reaction would occur. Canadians do truly care a great deal about Quebec.

SARAH HNYTKA
WINNIPEG

[Sarah Hnytka is in Grade 11 at St. John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg. She sent this letter as part of a history class assignment.]

Canada's History magazine welcomes reader's comments. Email us at editors@canadashistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company

Hudson's Bay
VODKA
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Canadian Whisky Canadien
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TREASURE ISLAND
WHITE
RUM-RHUM
BLANC

THE BEAVER

Spirited trade

The Hudson's Bay Company has been selling alcoholic spirits since its inception. Giving alcohol to Aboriginals was frowned upon. In 1713, head office stated, "Trade as little brandy as possible … it has destroyed several of them." Despite this, alcohol was always an important part of the fur exchange ceremony. By the 1730s, the company started producing its own "English" brandy — a gin coloured with iodine or tobacco. By the mid-nineteenth century, the spirits had improved in quality and were a popular sales item. A wholesale division was established in 1907, and an HBC private brand of premium scotch, "Best Procurable," was produced. In 1987, Hudson's Bay Distillers was sold to Seagrams.

— **Beverley Tallon**

In The Beaver… 90 Years Ago

River warmth

Three young HBC clerks are depicted on the cover of the January 1923 magazine enjoying a campfire after snowshoeing along the frozen Assiniboine River west of Winnipeg. We are told how the three gentlemen, Harman and Bellingham, who were with the land department, and Braidwood, in sales head office, carried on the tradition they had started on New Year's Day 1904.

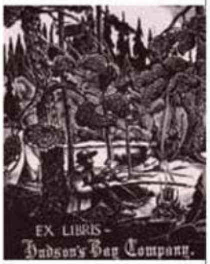
60 years ago

Candlefish

The March 1953 issue described the importance of the little oolichan (candlefish) to the people who lived near the coastal rivers of British Columbia. Although salmon was the staff of life, the *Thaleichthys pacificus* — a fish closely related to the smelt — ranked second, both as a food souce, and for its oil. It was sought for medicinal purposes and as a potlatch gift.

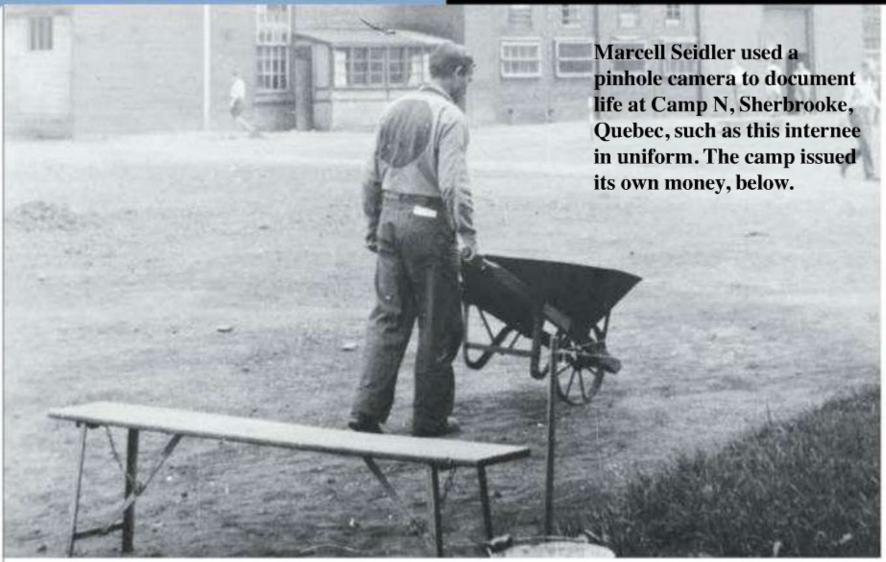
30 years ago

Literate traders



The Spring 1983 *Beaver* tells of the outstanding breadth and wealth of the libraries found at the Hudson's Bay Company 's and North West Company's most isolated posts. Fur traders, whose popular image included "running rapids and hunting bears," often had many quiet hours. As early as the 1770s, they were able to appreciate large libraries acquired from personal collections, the writings of the traders, and other "religious and moral" books sent by the companies. By the 1840s, the first circulating library was established.

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920.
To read stories from past issues, go to:
CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost.
To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to: **hbc.com/hbc/history**.



Marcell Seidler used a pinhole camera to document life at Camp N, Sherbrooke, Quebec, such as this internee in uniform. The camp issued its own money, below.

COURTESY ERIC KOCH / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-143492

Prisoners of confusion

Exhibit explores Canada's WWII internment of Jewish refugees

A new exhibition at the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre shows that the culture of acceptance in Canada today is strikingly different from the situation seventy years ago.

The exhibit Enemy Aliens discusses the internment of Jewish refugees in Canada between 1940 and 1943, when camps in Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick were filled with over two thousand Jewish male internees originally from Germany and Austria. The mixture of intellectuals, political activists, teenagers, and yeshiva boys was thrown together in Britain in the confusion of war under the mistaken impression that they were fifth columnists who wanted to subvert the Allies.

The internees were shipped to Canada, where they were treated as dangerous prisoners of war and guarded behind barbed wire fences for most of their stay. Information revealing that the group was mostly comprised of innocent civilians was slow to reach Canada.

In Enemy Aliens, videos show the first-person testimony of fourteen surviving internees from across the country. VHEC director Nina Krieger and her team also use photographs and documents to answer questions about the circumstances that brought the internees to Canada and about their experiences in this country.

In one video, internees describe the poor welcome they received upon arrival. Several recall how Canadian soldiers confiscated and stole their belongings, pointing machine guns at them because they were thought to be terrorists in disguise.

REFUGEES' CANTEEN
SHERBROOKE
1c
"KEEP SMILING"

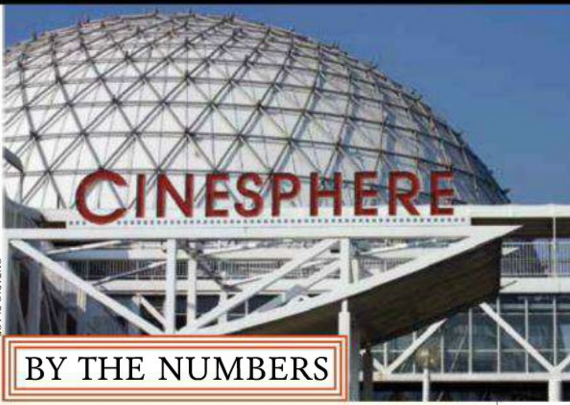
COURTESY FRED KAUFMAN

In the camps, the internees created a unique society that included religious worship, arts and culture, theatre, music, newspapers, and education. By distracting themselves with entertainment and learning, they were able to upgrade their interrupted schooling and keep their spirits from plummeting.

After their release in 1943, many internees went on to do great things in Canada. Two became Nobel laureates, one became a Member of the Order of Canada, and another was part of the Painters Eleven group of Canadian artists. University professors, architects, designers, and other men achieved prominence in their respective careers in spite of their internment — a secret part of their lives about which few others had knowledge.

Enemy Aliens continues at the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre through June 2013, after which it will be available as a travelling exhibit and may appear in other Canadian cities. For more information, visit CanadasHistory.ca/EnemyAliens.

— **Lauren Kramer**



ONTARIO PLACE

BY THE NUMBERS

Ontario Place

Envisioned as the province's answer to Expo 67, Ontario Place extends from the Toronto waterfront onto three man-made islands in Lake Ontario. Originally a provincial park, it featured futuristic pavilions with cultural exhibits, amusement rides, and Cinesphere, the world's first permanent IMAX theatre. Most of the site was closed in 2012 for a redevelopment whose shape is yet to be determined. Heritage advocates are concerned that significant features may be demolished.

29 million Dollars spent on Ontario Place's initial construction.

1 Cost in dollars for an adult admission in 1971. Children's admission was fifty cents.

796 Days from the beginning of construction to the site's public opening in May 1971.

1.5 million Hours of labour required to build the park.

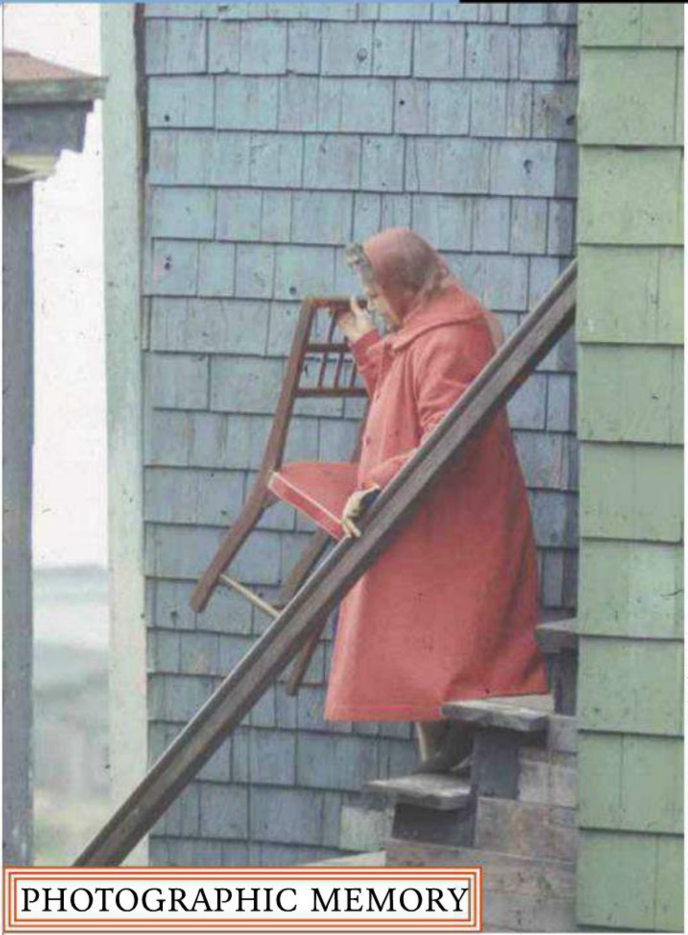
51 Acres of parkland created by pouring soil into Lake Ontario.

5 Large interconnected pavilions suspended above Lake Ontario.

12 Distance in metres of the 1984 Wilderness Adventure Ride's splashdown.

16,000 Seats in the 1995 Molson Amphitheatre concert venue — twice that of its predecessor, the Forum.

— **Ryan Kessler**



GRANT, TED/LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/E002283008

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Dorothy Carvery carrying a chair down steps Africville, Nova Scotia, circa 1964–67 Ted Grant collection

The destruction of Africville in Nova Scotia was — and still is — controversial. In 1962, the city of Halifax decided to evict and relocate the inhabitants of the small community on the south shore of Bedford Basin as part of a national "urban renewal" campaign.

Within Africville, a community that could be traced back to 1838, the cry from residents and their supporters was that the area was not a slum and eviction was an extreme reaction.

NFB photographer Ted Grant captured one resident, Dorothy Carvery, as she moved a few of her possessions out of her house shortly before it was torn down. Residents had their possessions moved in city dump trucks, which was seen by many as the final indignity for the evicted community.

The federal government officially recognized Africville as a National Historic Site in 2002.

Selected by Library and Archives Canada photo archivist Shannon Perry.

LAUGH LINES

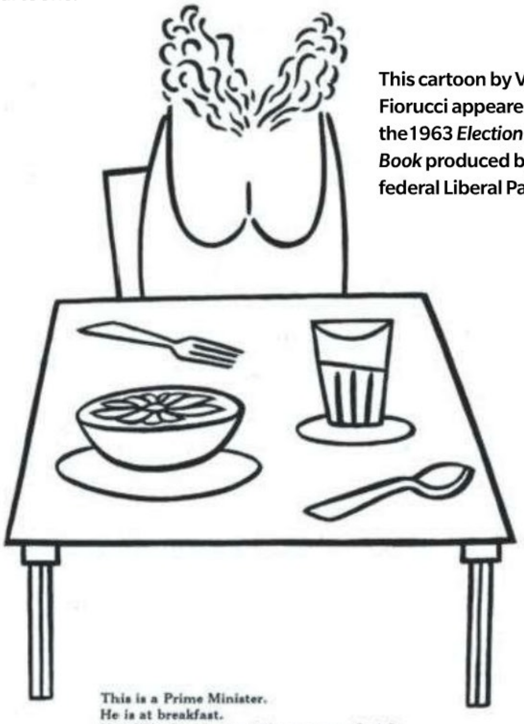
Decidedly divided

One of the most difficult decisions Prime Minister John Diefenbaker faced during his second term in office, which began in 1958, was whether or not to equip Bomarc defensive missiles and armed forces aircraft with nuclear warheads.

Minister of Defence George Pearkes felt Canada had committed itself to these weapons when it joined NORAD in 1957 and acquired Bomarc missiles in 1959. But Secretary of State for External Affairs Howard Green believed Canada's acquisition of such weapons would upset a strong Canadian disarmament movement and weaken his efforts to promote international disarmament.

Diefenbaker's inability to make a decision on the matter badly divided his government. The opposition Liberals lampooned his indecision in this cartoon, which appeared in a colouring book produced during the 1963 election campaign. The Liberals were criticized for lowering the tone of the campaign. **— Charles Hou**

Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.



This is a Prime Minister.
He is at breakfast.
Should he have orange juice or a grapefruit?
It is a hard decision. He dreads decisions.
Perhaps he will never have breakfast.
Colour him hungry.

This cartoon by Vittorio Fiorucci appeared in the 1963 *Election Colouring Book* produced by the federal Liberal Party.

LIBERAL PARTY OF CANADA/ESTATE OF VITTORI FIORUCCI

TAKE THE DAY OFF

February 6

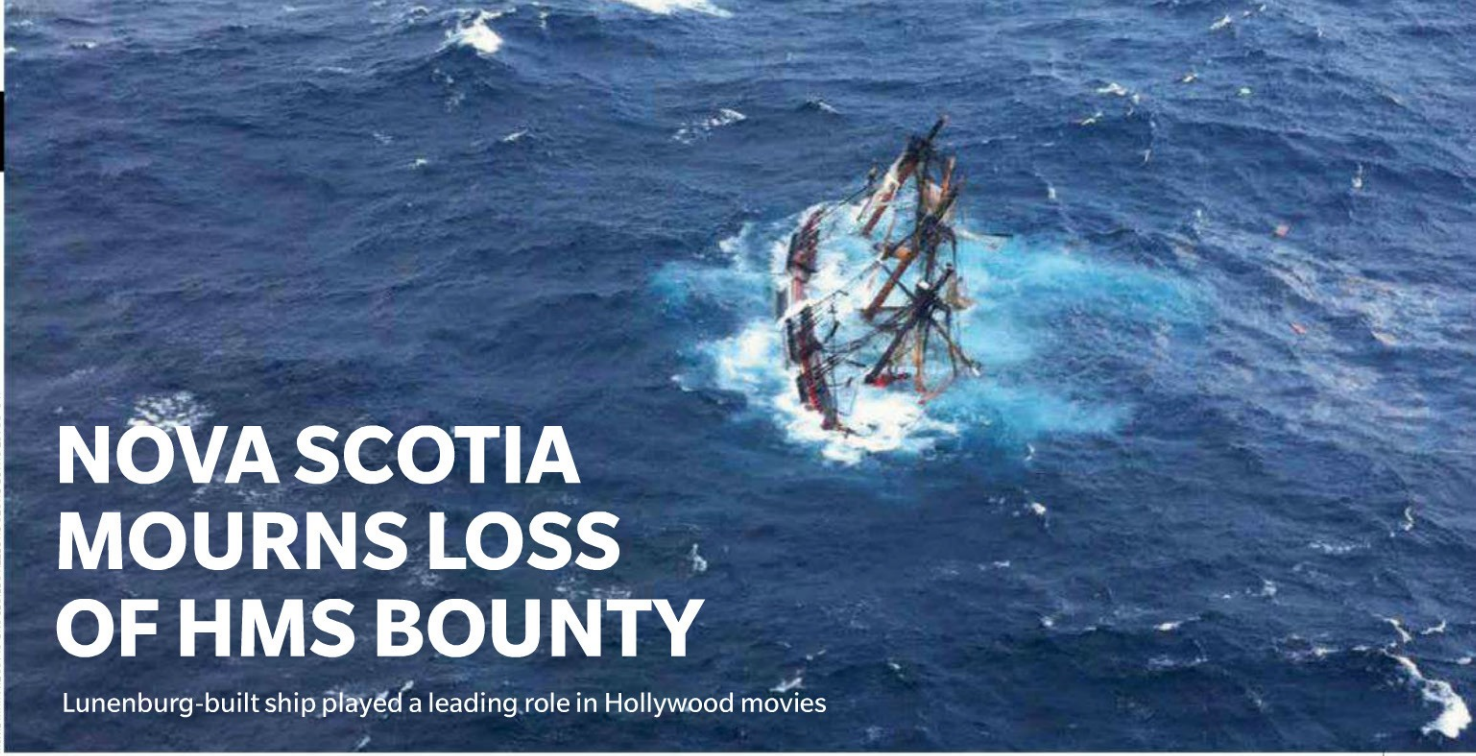
To observe the day in 1865 when the Parliament of the Province of Canada began to debate the idea of Confederation. Redecorate.

February 23

To celebrate the day in 1893 when the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association became the first hockey team to receive the Stanley Cup. Play for the love of the game.

NOVA SCOTIA MOURNS LOSS OF HMS BOUNTY

Lunenburg-built ship played a leading role in Hollywood movies



U.S. COAST GUARD PHOTO BY PETTY OFFICER 2ND CLASS TIM KUKLEWSKI

To Gerald Zwicker, the images flashed on the television news were a sickening sight — the last moments of HMS *Bounty* recorded from a rescue helicopter, the tall ship's decks awash as it sank off the coast of North Carolina.

"I thought, there's all our hard work — gone," recalled the seventy-six-year-old, one of the Nova Scotia shipwrights and carpenters who built the replica of one of the world's most notorious vessels.

The *Bounty*, launched in 1960 from the renowned Smith & Rhuland yard in Lunenburg that also produced the iconic schooners *Bluenose* and *Bluenose II*, was custom-built for the 1962 Hollywood movie Mutiny on the Bounty. The film starred Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian, the officer who led a 1789 uprising against HMS *Bounty*'s harsh captain, William Bligh.

The replica sank off Cape Hatteras in October after sailing into the path of hurricane Sandy, the powerful storm that mauled New Jersey and New York City. Fourteen crew members were plucked from life rafts, but two died — Captain Robin Walbridge and Claudene Christian, a descendant of the mutiny's leader.

The tragedy hit home in Nova Scotia, which hosted the replica last summer when it visited Halifax and Lunenburg as part of a tall ships festival. The loss of a ship "near and dear to Nova Scotians' hearts," said the *Halifax Chronicle Herald*, "hit home like a family tragedy back in the land of her birth."

Zwicker, who lives near Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, is one of a half dozen men still alive out of the more than forty people who built the fifty-five-metre, fully rigged ship in little more than eight months. After starring alongside Brando, the *Bounty* became a tourist attraction in Florida and went on to appear in other movies, including an instalment of *Pirates of the Caribbean*.

Zwicker still regrets turning down an offer to sail the vessel on its maiden voyage to Tahiti, where *Mutiny on the Bounty* was filmed. But he's glad he walked its decks for the first time in more than fifty years in August, during the stopover in Lunenburg.

"It was a well-built vessel," he says. "It's too bad that something like that had to happen to it." — **Dean Jobb**

REDPATH SUGAR

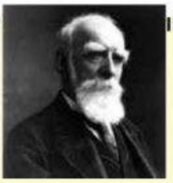
The *Bounty* founders off the North Carolina coast, October 29, 2012, top. An appearance by the ship was one of the highlights of the 2010 Redpath Toronto Waterfront Festival, above.

February 28

To recall the day in 1877 when the University of Manitoba was granted a charter to become the first institution for higher education in Western Canada. Think big.

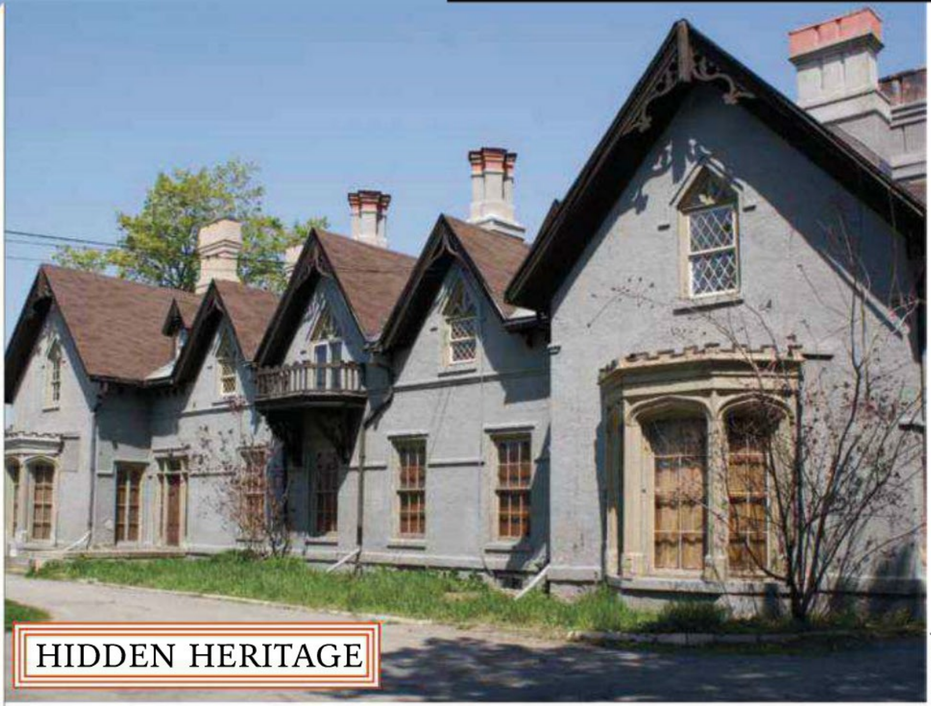
March 4

To recall the beginning of 1967's Confederation of Tomorrow conference of provincial premiers in Toronto. Take your morning constitutional.



March 13

To remember Lord Strathcona's $500,000 contribution to establish the first national physical and military training program for Canadian schools on this date in 1909. Stretch and hold.



JESSICA MACE

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Auchmar House

Hamilton, 1855

Built for Isaac Buchanan (1810–83) in 1855, Auchmar House overlooks the city of Hamilton from the top of the Niagara Escarpment. Buchanan was an important figure in the history of both the city and the country, and his act of building a house on the escarpment would have served as a physical and symbolic distancing from the commoners below.

The house was certainly intended to be a showpiece, with its prominent placement, lavish entertaining rooms, and expansive pleasure grounds. It is reported that Auchmar played host to a number of important visitors, including the future King Edward VII and Canada's first prime minister, John A. Macdonald.

There is no known architect for the house, though it was in keeping with contemporary trends in Canada and abroad. Designed in the Gothic revival style, Auchmar represents a combination of architectural ideas and theories from England and America. With its five gables, pointed windows, and dormers, the mansion is certainly a unique creation. In mid-nineteenth-century Canada, beyond being fashionable, the choice to build in this style would have flaunted the owner's worldliness.

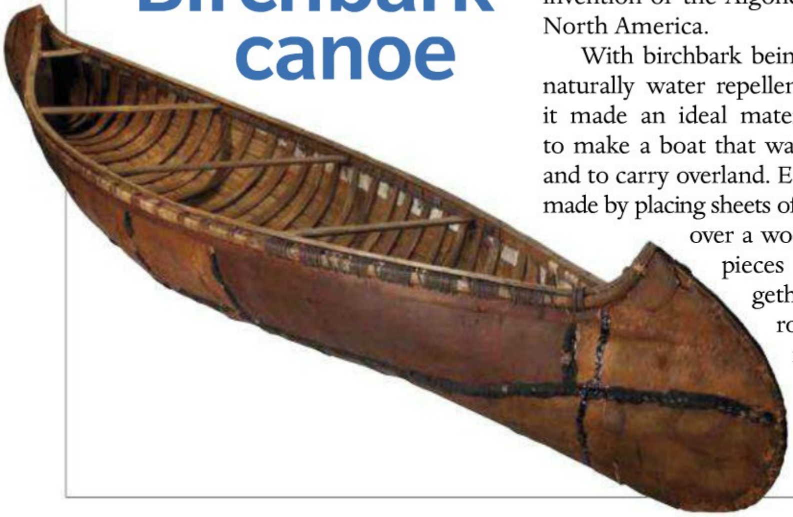
Since Buchanan sold his mansion in 1874, it has changed hands many times, serving as a private home, a hospital for the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II, and the home of the Hungarian Sisters of Social Service. Auchmar House gives us a glimpse into Hamilton's glorious past, when its prominent architecture and rapid expansion made it one of the most important cities in Canada West.

— **Jessica Mace**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Birchbark canoe



CANADIAN CANOE MUSEUM/MICHAEL CULLEN

Indigenous peoples worldwide have utilized canoes for thousands of years, but the birchbark canoe holds a special place as a unique invention of the Algonquian nations of North America.

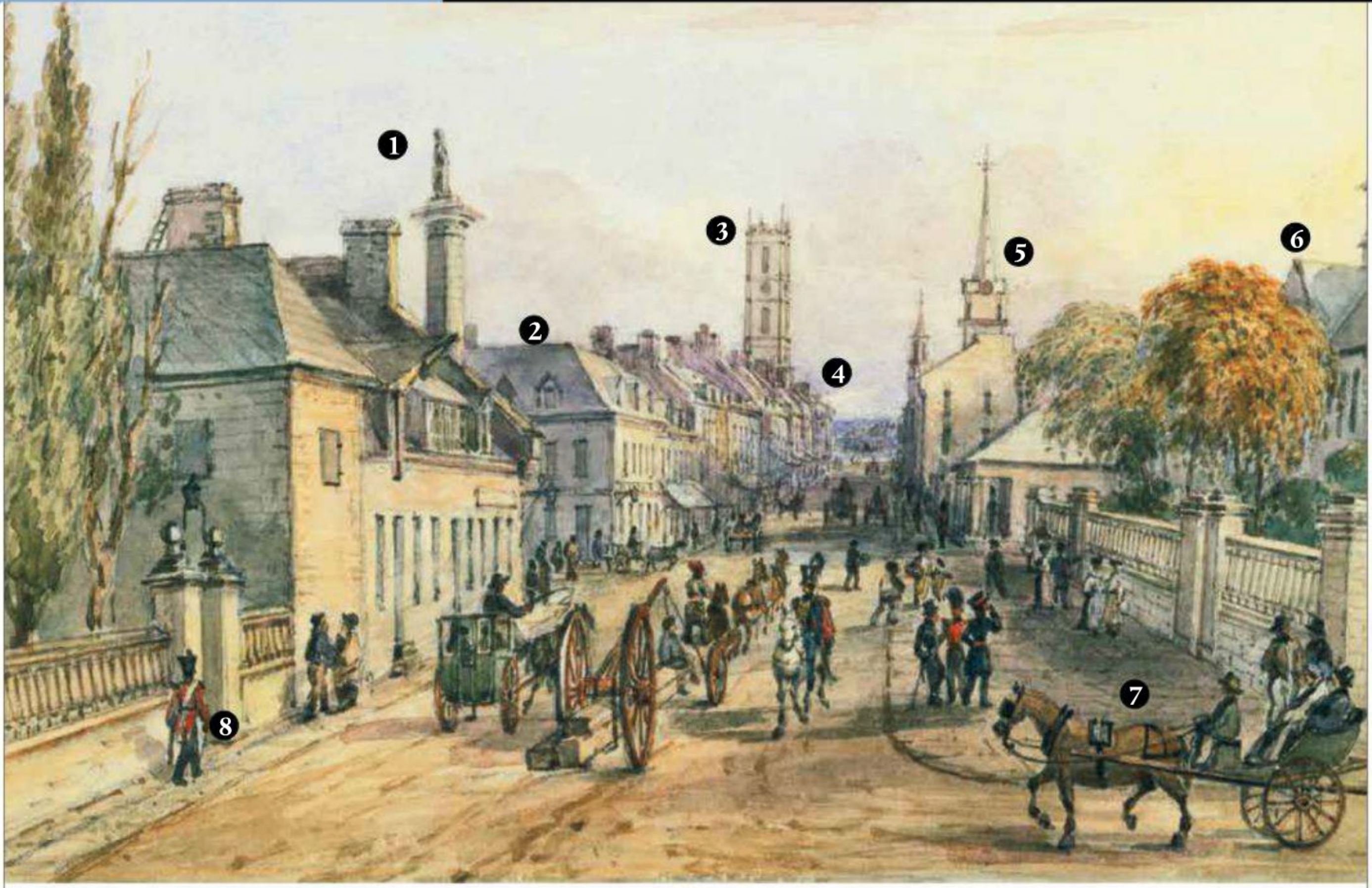
With birchbark being light, smooth, naturally water repellent, and plentiful, it made an ideal material from which to make a boat that was easy to paddle and to carry overland. Early canoes were made by placing sheets of white birchbark over a wooden frame. The pieces were sewn together with spruce roots; heated tree resin was used to waterproof the seams.

With the arrival of Europeans, birchbark canoes proved ideal for the fur trade. Trois-Rivières became a centre for canoe building in the 1700s. The French created eleven-metre-long trade canoes that could carry up to three tonnes of cargo between Montreal and the Great Lakes. Known as *le canot du maître*, the vessel was named after the Le Maître clan, a canoe-building family in New France.

Birchbark canoes also proved useful in war. In 1728, Marquis de Beauharnois, the governor of New France, bought and commandeered 334 canoes to transport two thousand men in a campaign against the Mesquakie nation.

Birchbark canoes are still made today, but most contemporary paddlers prefer craft made of Kevlar, fibreglass, or aluminum.

— **Nelle Oosterom**



NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA/28067

Notre Dame streetscape

Artist James Duncan depicts a southwest view of one of Montreal's oldest streets.

by Ryan Kessler

❶ In *Notre Dame Street, Montreal, 1841*, by James Duncan, we see Nelson's Column, which commemorates Admiral Horatio Nelson, the English naval hero who defeated the French at Trafalgar, Spain. A column similar to this can be found at Trafalgar Square in London, England.

❷ Behind Nelson's Column is the Antoine-Mallard House, which was built in 1810. Mallard was a rich man having made his livelihood as a butcher, soap and candle maker, and later, as a property buyer.

❸ The Notre-Dame Basilica is an example of Gothic revival architecture. Upon completion in 1843, the basilica was the largest church in North America.

❹ Within this cluster of buildings lies the Saint-Sulpice Seminary, the oldest building still standing in Montreal. The seminary was created in the seventeenth century to educate secular priests and conduct mission work with the Aboriginals of New France.

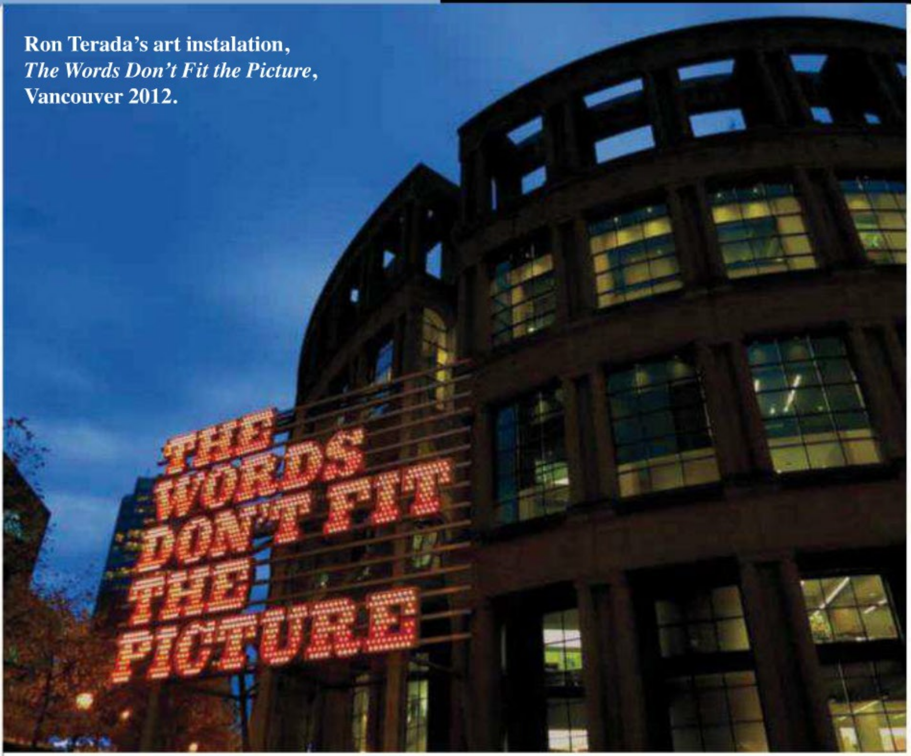
❺ The current Christ Church Cathedral is on Saint Catherine Street West. The original church building, shown here, opened in 1814. It burned to the ground in 1856.

❻ This building was both a college and a monastery for the Jesuits. Like the priests at the Saint-Sulpice Seminary, the Jesuits came to Quebec to convert First Nations people. Although the Jesuits had set up successful missionaries around the world, they met great resistance from the First Nations of New France.

❼ This horse carriage is an example of a calèche. It had a driver's seat on the splashboard, while the passengers sat in the back seat, often covered by a retractable roof.

❽ Soldiers of the British army wore red coats like this one until the beginning of the twentieth century. The use of red coats goes back to the era of Oliver Cromwell, who outfitted England's first standing army in 1645. The colour might have been retained because of the relative cheapness of red dye. The uniform changed to a more vivid shade of scarlet in the late 1800s.

TINA LOO



Ron Terada's art instalation, *The Words Don't Fit the Picture*, Vancouver 2012.

TINA LOO

Show and tell

Newly rebranded museum opens up contentious questions about what to exhibit.

There's a wonderful piece of art outside the public library in Vancouver: Ron Terada's *The Words Don't Fit the Picture*. When I walked past it on a rainy night last November, it seemed especially appropriate: A warning of what might happen and, two hours later, a summary of what did.

By then we'd heard civilization was history; the Canadian Museum of Civilization (CMC) was about to become the Canadian Museum of History, opening in time for the country's sesquicentennial in 2017. Vancouver was the first stop for the CMC's travelling road show. The museum's representatives were here to find out what the public wanted to see in the reconfigured space.

And so was I — for professional and nostalgic reasons. Full disclosure: Not only do I teach and research Canadian history, but I also was involved in an earlier effort by a different government to create a history museum in Ottawa.

The exhibits all of us have wandered through might seem simple, but putting them together is enormously complicated. The challenge for museum professionals is to tell stories through objects and to do so in a way that's engaging and meaningful for the people who see them. But what stories do you tell? What experiences do you cultivate? What messages do you want people to take home with them?

These challenges aren't all that different from the ones I face as a teacher, except that I'm not as bound to use objects to convey my message, and I don't need to work nearly as hard to get an audience, in no small part because they come to my exhibit space — the lecture hall — knowing they'll come away with a university credit towards a degree, at the very least.

I knew I'd learn something from the evening. And I did. But it was less about the specific stories and objects people wanted in a Canadian history museum and more about what they sought from the past.

The people gathered at the library wanted their history museum to concern itself with migration. This was Vancouver, after all. Almost everyone there that night had come from somewhere else, and what they wanted most from the past was to see that aspect of themselves represented, whether it was through the stories of the home children or the Hawaiians who'd come to British Columbia.

The "citizen timelines" the museum staff facilitate at these whistle stops go some distance in doing that. They allow people to see the events they identify as significant in their lives in relation to ones other people designate as well as to the events we're told are important, like the siege of Louisbourg, the creation of the Indian Act, or the October Crisis. It's a first step in knitting together these diverse and personal stories, in making my history museum the country's.

While timelines locate people in the past, they don't validate their experiences. The people at my table didn't just want their stories included; they also wanted to know they mattered. Like many of us, they want to connect with the past, to find the familiar there, and to know it was important, whether "it" happened to be the story of the harvest excursions that brought their family west, the munitions factory their great-grandmother worked in, or the restaurant in their town that sold "Chinese and Canadian cuisine."

At the same time, there was a sense that these sorts of stories aren't the ones that get told, that they've been pushed aside for others that better serve the interests of those in power. Concerned about the federal government's commemoration of the War of 1812, people at our table talked about the need for exhibits that would challenge the official version of the past, ones that would make visitors uncomfortable and wouldn't serve as "propaganda" for any group.

This is a tall order for both the CMC and we historians. People want a past they can recognize, one that's inclusive and validates the experience of ordinary folk. But at the same time they want a past that challenges prevailing assumptions, perhaps in uncomfortable ways.

For me, the words don't fit the picture of history I have — at least not easily. The fact is, we don't really like our assumptions to be challenged, at least not too much, and we don't really want to pay to be made uncomfortable. History shouldn't be like a trip to the dentist.

In the end, I wondered if we don't expect too much of history and if it's worth having a conversation about that, too. I'm not sure history can or should do what people sometimes ask of it. Although we use "history" and "the past" synonymously, they're different things, at least to professional historians. History isn't chronology or past events; it's an interpretation, an argument about the past. That means it's inherently contentious. It will alienate and inspire — and we should expect and welcome that. Historians seek to present a different way of seeing from the ones that exist; their purpose is to provoke in order to teach.

Fundamentally, what historians do is ask questions, with "Why?" being among the most important. And maybe that's what struck me the most about that rainy Friday night in Vancouver. Listening to people talk about what they wanted of the new history museum and of the past, I noticed no one said "answers"; no one said they wanted a museum of history to help them understand why something happened, why people experienced what they did.

And therein lies the problem. People want something we historians aren't well placed to give, and what we do have doesn't seem to be wanted. We can tell you why something happened but we can't guarantee you'll feel good about it. That's not our job, or the purpose of history.

Insofar as historians deal in feelings, it's empathy we seek to cultivate, not inclusion or validation. Rather than look for the familiar, we approach the past as "a foreign country," knowing "they do things differently there." Understanding why requires empathy; it means learning about those alien hopes, fears, and values as well as the political and economic circumstances that defined what "common sense" was and that set the boundaries of what was possible. Knowing the context in which people in the past lived, acted, and were acted upon is the business of history. Far from precluding judgment, it's what makes it possible.

What I'd like to see most in a history museum is a curious public, one that is open to seeing exhibits that cultivate historical empathy, putting visitors in the shoes of people in the past, including the deep past. Museum goers could walk the paths that were open to those in steel-toed boots and brogues, as well as sealskin overshoes; they'd learn about the worlds and the choices of the ordinary and the extraordinary and the extent to which each was able to make the lives they lived.

If we build such a place and if they come, I suspect visitors will find themselves reflected in the exhibits, so long as what they look for is people in the past doing what we do: acting — often imperfectly — to make history as far as circumstances and individual ambition permit.

Tina Loo is a professor of history at the University of British Columbia.

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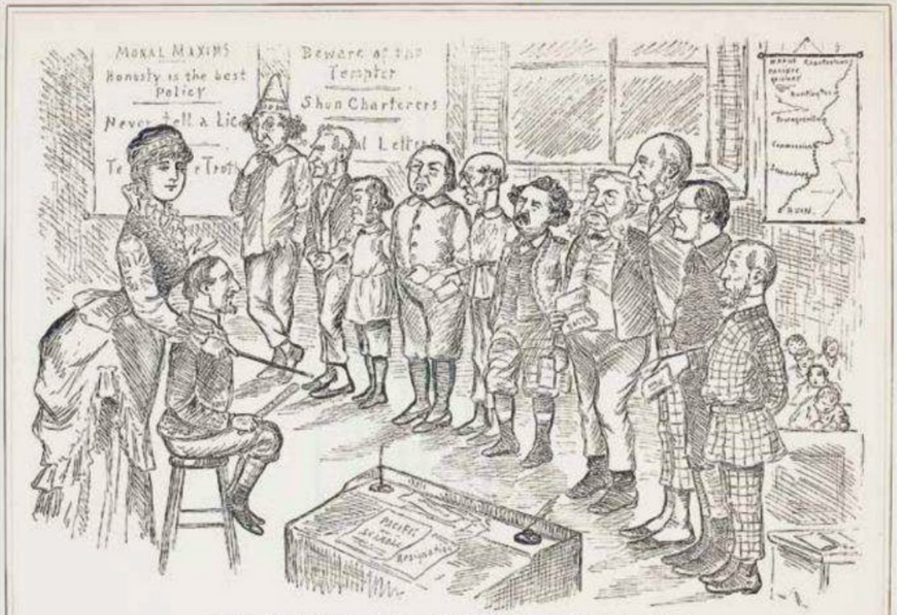

MISS CANADA'S SCHOOL (DEDICATED TO THE NEW PREMIER).
MISS CANADA (TO THE BOY AT THE HEAD)—"NOW, ALEXANDER, BE VERY CAREFUL, OR I'LL PUT YOU WHERE JOHN IS!"

©MCCORD MUSEUM/J.W. BENGOUGH

Democrazy

Think American-style politics is nuts? Well, Canada also has a history of election hijinks.

We Canadians think of ourselves as a democratic people. But we give the Americans this: They do go all-in for voting. They re-elect their House of Representatives every two years. They elect judges. They let anyone put complicated choices right on the ballot, yes or no. It gets wild at times, but it kinda feels like the rule of the people.

But for anyone inclined to give them credit for all that rambunctious democracy, recent American elections have been troubling. Lately their elections seem to be subject to politicians gleefully rigging voting hours or failing to provide enough polling stations and ballots, removing citizens from voting lists, and shifting constituency boundaries for partisan advantage.

We had a lot of that in Canada, too — more than a century ago. John A. Macdonald was famous for "hiving the Grits" through constituency boundaries that were gerrymandered to maximize the Conservative vote. And he was not alone. Too often, shaping the rules to your own party's advantage was a perk of office. Citizens lost or gained the right to vote more through partisan calculation than by principles of democracy.

In those days, Canada's electoral rules were caught up in — you might have guessed it — federal-provincial rivalries. At Confederation, the provinces got to set the voting rules, even for federal elections. Macdonald put an end to that in 1885.

His government took control of federal elections — provoking furious complaints from a youthful Member of Parliament named Wilfrid Laurier.

When Laurier became prime minister, he gave control back to the provinces, and each province's standards were different. That is why women had to fight for the vote in provincial elections province by province, succeeding first in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta in 1916.

The year 1920 saw a key voting reform, based on a grand compromise. Control of Canadian electoral rules came back to Ottawa, but not to the government. That year's Dominion Elections Act introduced the chief electoral officer, a non-partisan officer of Parliament charged with providing fair and efficient federal elections across the nation. Non-partisan commissions for determining electoral boundaries had to wait until 1964 — but as early as 1903, observers proclaimed the "gerrymander" eliminated in Canada.

Since 1920, first women, then minorities, and gradually, most other disenfranchised Canadians have acquired the right to vote. Unlike the Americans, we have put limits on campaign spending and advertising. The American voter is still faced with local and often partisan election machinery. Election-day foul-ups, delayed counts, and last-minute wrangles among political lawyers are colourful but not confidence-building.

By comparison, ever since Canada settled on centralized and non-partisan control of national elections, we generally have had confidence that votes are counted accurately. And in most elections the results come out with remarkable speed across many time zones and kilometres.

Still, we have our voting flashpoints in Canada. Our most recent federal election was plagued with shady robocalls and other tricks to manipulate the vote, but at least we know that was all outside the rules — not that anyone has faced charges yet.

And though our Confederation-makers were committed to strict "rep-by-pop," subsequent changes have given rural constituencies and small provinces some over-representation in Parliament. That's a structural issue, however, not partisan trickery.

And there's our Senate: hardly representative, and we don't get to vote for it at all. But at least our Senate doesn't wield much power. The American Senate has vast powers, but California and New York, with over sixty million people, have the same number of senators — four — as barely a million in Wyoming and South Dakota.

Perhaps most controversially, Canadian political parties often win a majority of constituencies without winning anything like a majority of the popular vote. As a result, proportional representation has been building its own history in Canada. Several provinces have seen the issue aired

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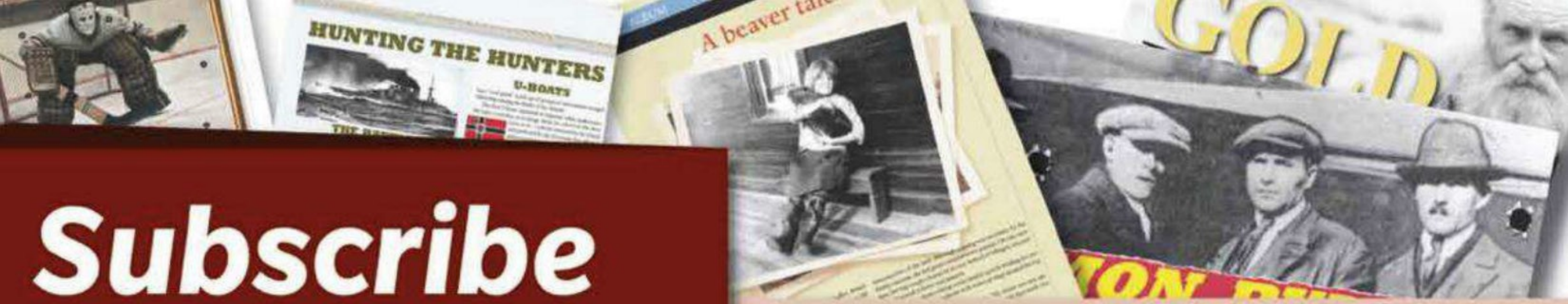
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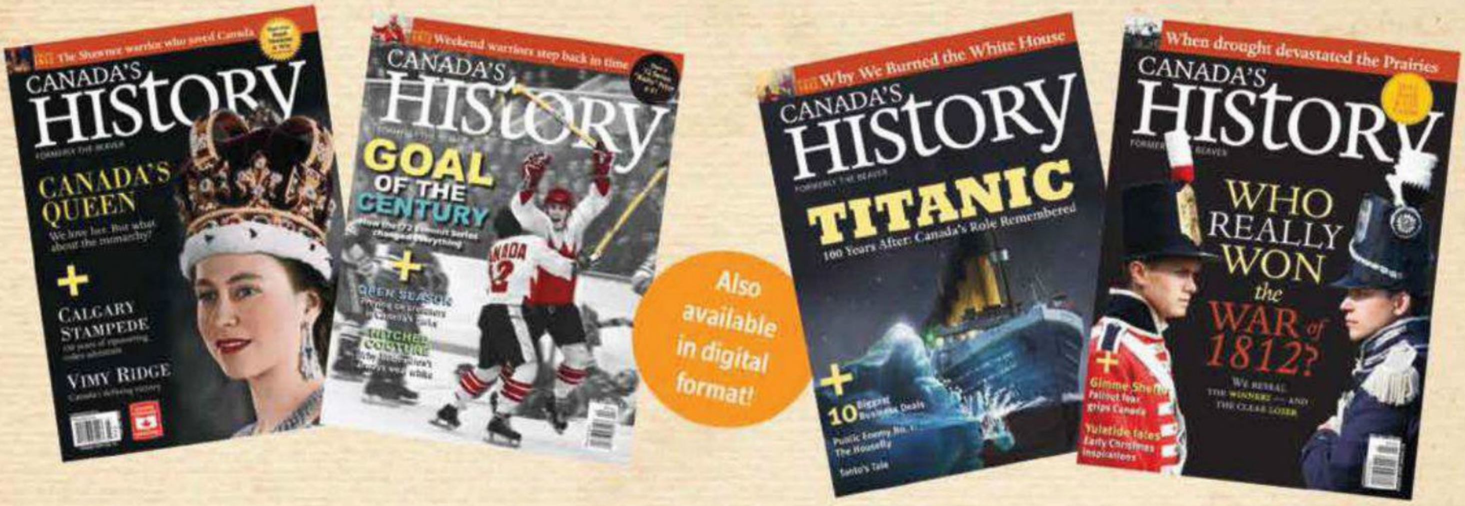
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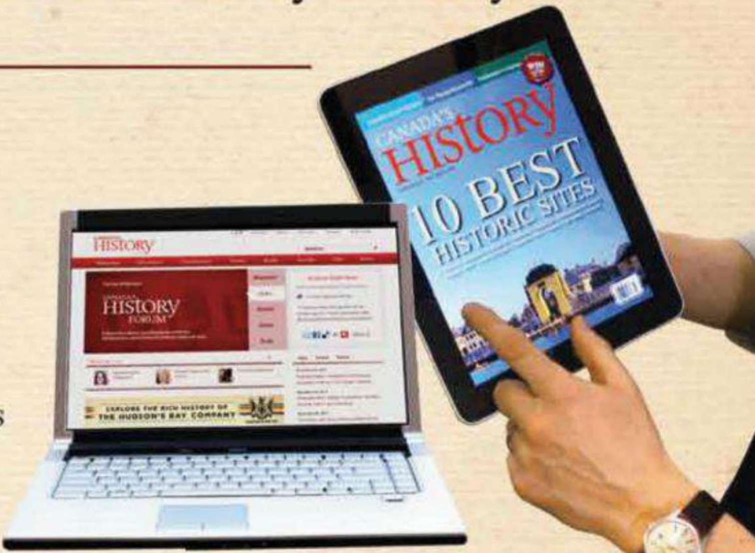
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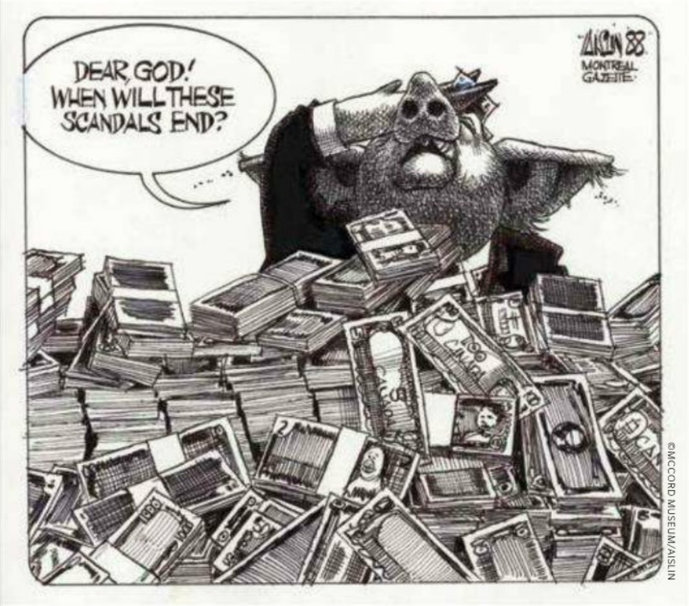
DEAR GOD! WHEN WILL THESE SCANDALS END?
AISLIN 88
MONTREAL GAZETTE

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by citizens' assemblies and popular referendums. So far, no province has committed to change, and neither has Ottawa, but a change is available if the voters want it.

However, we still have one big voting system where spending is lavish and unconstrained, the rules are constantly reshuffled, and the consequences are huge and troublesome. That's the way we let political parties pick leaders for us.

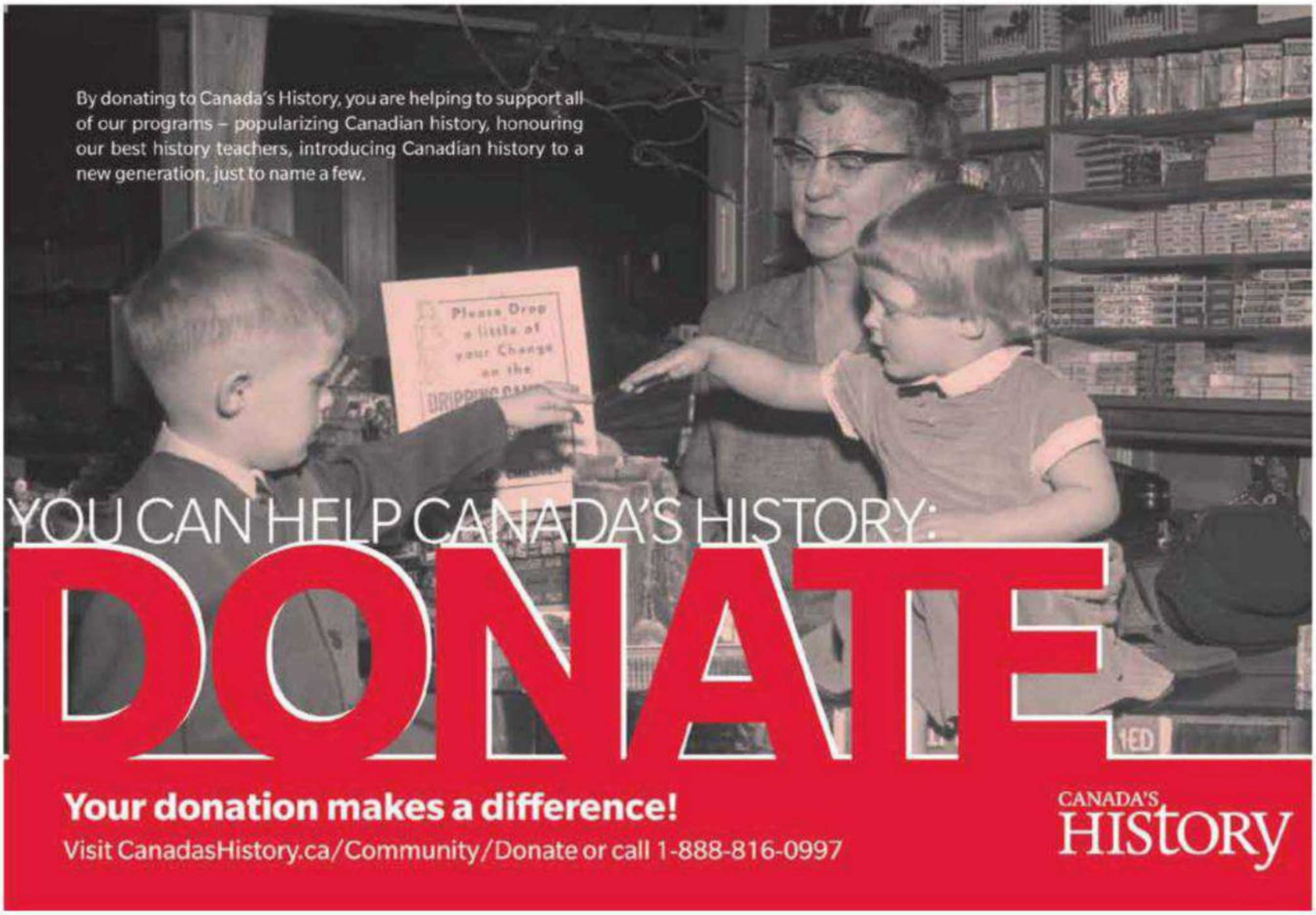
When a governing party holds a leadership race, the winner gets to be premier or prime minister and may lead the government for months or years without facing a general election. But the party's private election process is mostly just a vote-selling competition. Rival candidates strive to sign up "members" by the tens of thousands.

No two of these private races ever seem to follow the same rules. Spending is vast and barely regulated, often leaving all the candidates in debt and beholden to shadowy donors. There is rarely a debate about the issues, only about who looks like a winning leader.

Worst of all, the day the race ends, the "electorate" dissolves. The new leader is not accountable to all those members, and least of all to the party's MPs, MPPs, or MLAs — the people the voting public thought they had elected to represent them and to keep governments and leaders in check.

I don't envy our American friends' voting problems. But outsourcing some of our most vital choices to private party competitions is something I don't brag about to anyone.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.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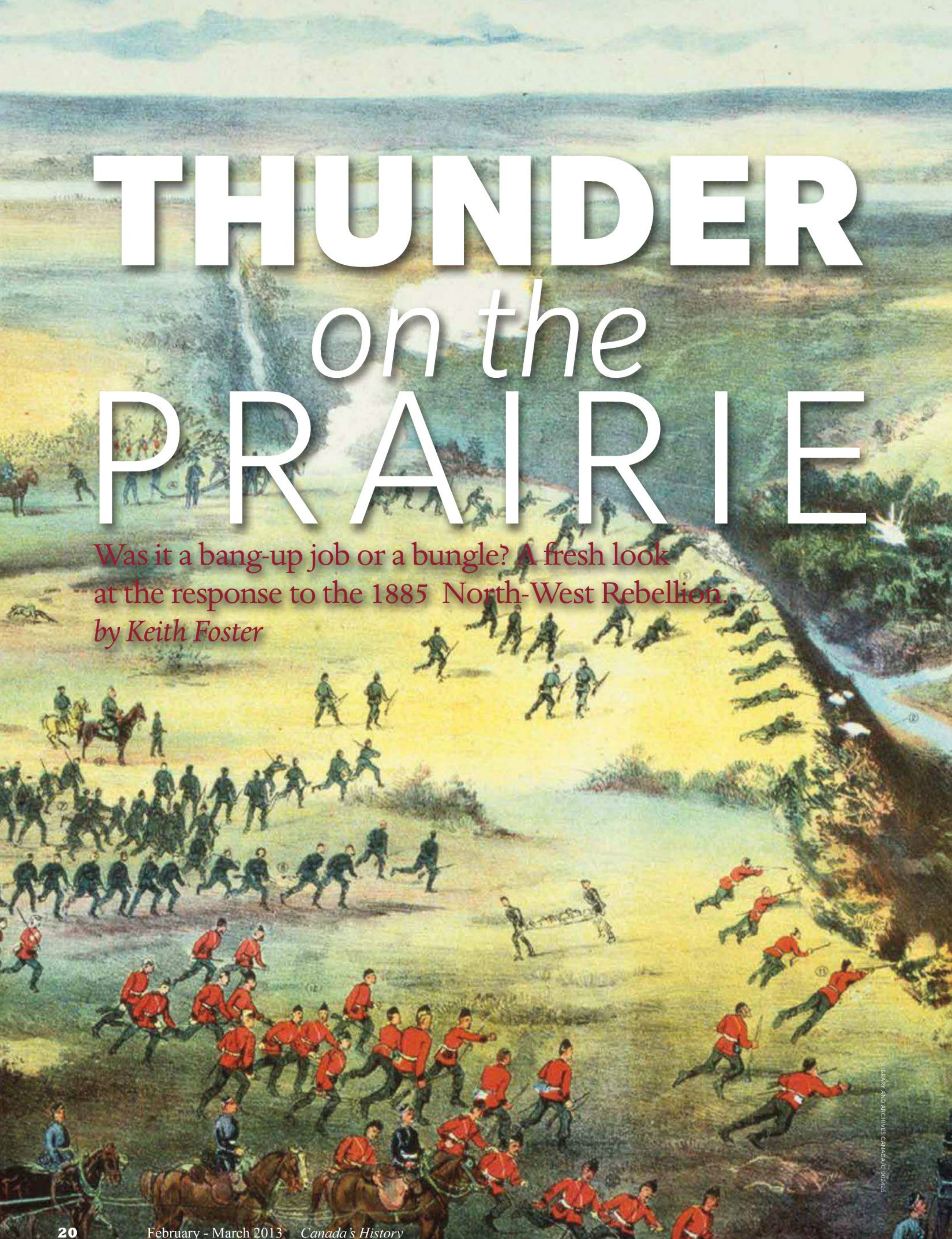
CANADA'S HISTORY

THUNDER *on the* PRAIRIE

Was it a bang-up job or a bungle? A fresh look at the response to the 1885 North-West Rebellion.

by Keith Foster



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"The Government have put down a formidable rebellion without a mistake, in a manner which sheds [honour] on Canada and her young chivalry, [honour] on the Government, and especially on [Minister of Militia and Defence Adolphe] Caron."

So declared the *Regina Leader* shortly after the North-West Rebellion of 1885 came to an end. Yet this cheerful assessment was not shared by all the victors. At least one of the participants in the campaign had a much more jaundiced view. The title of Lewis Redman Ord's 1887 book says it all: *Reminiscences of a Bungle, by One of the Bunglers.*

Then, as now, the North-West Rebellion of 1885 was a subject of contention within Canada. Aside from the *interpretation* of events, which is an endless task in itself, is the problem of simply trying to determine the *facts*.

The conflict remains shrouded in confusion, contradiction, and controversy.

Even the name stirs strong emotions. Variously known as the Second Riel Rebellion, the North-West Rebellion, the North-West Uprising, and the North-West Resistance, its names convey various interpretations and levels of intensity. Since the term "rebellion" was used most often in contemporary accounts and since this article focuses primarily on the military campaign rather than on the rights and resistance of the Métis, that term seems appropriate here.

Accounts of the time tended to regard the expedition to suppress the uprising as an efficient and even glorious little campaign. Reports also lavished praise on the commander of the expedition, fifty-nine-year-old British-born General Frederick Middleton. Again the *Leader* commented: "The Government and the country were specially fortunate in their General who is not only a brave man and good commander but one who understands the temper of Canadians. We hope he will be rewarded by Knighthood."

Contrast that with what Ord, the self-described "bungler," had to say about Middleton after serving under him as a member of the Dominion Land Surveyors Intelligence Corps: "Blinded with a sense of his own importance, he was above advice of any kind and from the day he left Qu'Appelle until his return to Winnipeg his course was one continued series of gross blunders, the result of conceit and stupidity."

Outside observers weighed in as well. The *Minneapolis Tribune*, for instance, stated that the Canadian government had sent out an expedition "totally unfitted for the work it has on hand."

Meanwhile, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence Charles-Eugène Panet probably made the understatement of the year when he reported to Parliament that the department "was very severely tried" and that the campaign to suppress the uprising became "a very arduous and trying one."

Unresolved grievances in parts of the vast region then known as the North-West Territories had simmered for years before boiling over. Just as in the Red River settlement in 1869–1870, Métis in the territory of what is now Saskatchewan feared losing their land as government surveyors ignored the boundaries of their familiar river lot farms, chopping them into squares. The new railway brought an influx of settlers who took out homesteads, and many Métis no doubt resented the ability of the newcomers to obtain land while their own was in doubt. Meanwhile, Aboriginals were facing hunger due to the disappearance of the bison, and whites on the frontier felt Ottawa was ignoring them.

Hoping to unite all in a common cause, Métis leader Louis Riel sent a petition to Ottawa outlining their grievances. Ensuring Métis property rights and increasing food rations to Natives would have alleviated many of the problems before they reached the boiling point. But government inertia proved disastrous. When Ottawa disregarded Riel's petition, he formed a provisional government on March 19, 1885, and established an armed force at Batoche under Gabriel Dumont.

Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's federal government lost little time in responding to what it saw as a threat to the new dominion, which was barely eighteen years old. On March 23, Macdonald ordered Middleton to the troubled region and called troops into active service. A government that had long procrastinated over Métis rights was now acting to suppress an uprising that had not yet broken out.

The young nation was ill-prepared to deal with the logistics of crushing an uprising. The conflict was 3,200 kilometres from Canada's chief population centres. The only full-time soldiers were 750 men of the permanent corps, and they were scattered in various schools as instructors. Other than that, only the officers were professional soldiers — the rest were volunteers — and the army had neither a hospital branch nor a transport service. Food for up to five thousand troops had to be provided. The teamsters and surgeons who waited on the troops also had to be supplied. But there was no government supply depot. Nor was there, according to the 1886 Sessional Papers of Parliament that reviewed the matter, even a round of hardtack in store.

In addition, the outbreak came at the worst possible time of year. It was late winter, the snow was too soft to bear heavy teams, and there was little grass for horses and cattle to eat. Also, there was no shelter along wide stretches of open prairie. Under these conditions, supply convoys — one was five kilometres long — had somehow to make their way.

Left: *Battle of Fish Creek* by lithographic artist Fred W. Curzon, 1885.

Below: Gabriel Dumont, military commander of the Métis forces during the North-West Rebellion, circa 1880s.

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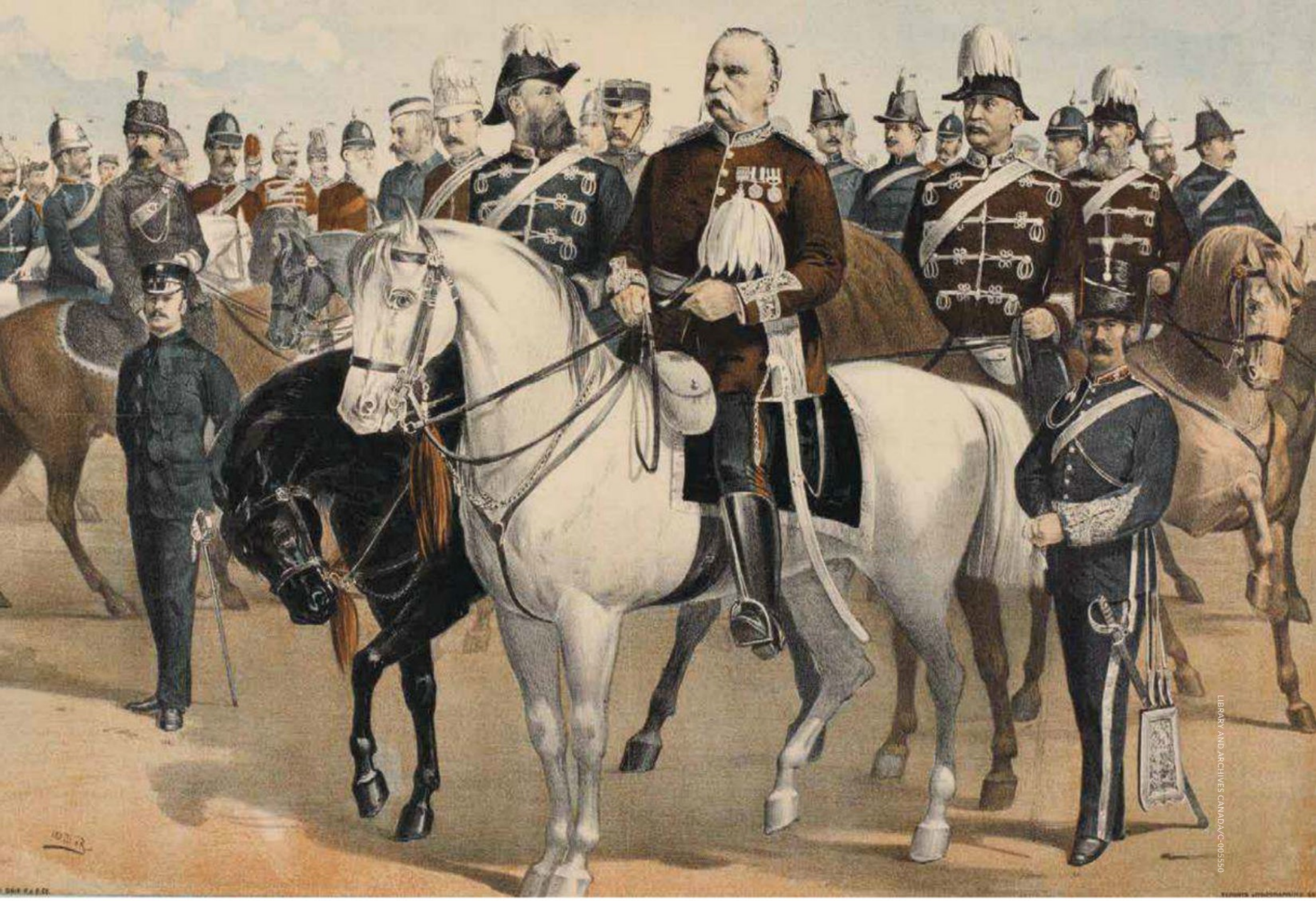

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Major General Frederick Middleton, on white horse, with various commanding officers of the North-West Field Force, by artist William Blatchly (1838-1903). Date unknown.

Few people in eastern Canada understood the enormity of the task. Even settlers in the affected region laboured under misguided optimism. The editor of the *Regina Leader* stated, "We are satisfied that if there is any disturbance, the police are quite equal to the occasion, and we in Regina are not likely to find it necessary to call out our reserves." It was a bold declaration, considering that Regina did not have any reserves at this time. Nor were the North-West Mounted Police equal to the occasion when fighting broke out at Duck Lake on March 26.

Superintendent Leif Crozier, with a combined force of a hundred police and Prince Albert volunteers, was on his way to pick up supplies when a band of armed Métis led by Gabriel Dumont confronted him. Accounts vary about what happened next. Dumont related that his brother Isidore and a nearly blind Cree man named Assiyiwin advanced to speak with Crozier, who was accompanied by Joseph McKay — a.k.a. Gentleman Joe McKay — a Métis interpreter for the police. Dumont said Assiyiwin tried to grab a rifle from McKay: "This English Métis fired and I think it was this rifle shot which killed my brother Isidore…."

Crozier claimed that while he was trying to talk to Assiyiwin, the Métis were moving to outflank him. Fearing that he would be surrounded and cut off, and hearing what he thought was McKay's shot, he gave the fateful order: "Fire away, boys." McKay, however, said he waited for Crozier to give the order before shooting.

The first battle of the rebellion was on. Although the police at first outnumbered the Métis and were armed with better rifles and a cannon, they were virtually surrounded, exposed to deadly crossfire, and without cover except for the sleighs they had brought with them. They were also confused and disorganized as Métis reinforcements poured in. When Crozier gave the order to fire, he was in the line of his own cannon, so the gunners refused to shoot. He later said they should have fired anyway. The cannon got off only a few rounds before one of the nervous gunners put the shot in before the powder, making the cannon useless.

Gabriel Dumont described falling as a bullet grazed his scalp: "I wanted to get up, but the blow had been so violent, I couldn't. When Joseph Delorme saw me fall again, he cried out that I was killed. I said to him, 'Courage, as long as you haven't lost your head you're not dead.'"

The battle lasted little more than half an hour. Crozier saw the hopelessness of his situation and ordered a retreat, leaving some of his dead on the field. The bodies of nine volunteers and three police littered the snow, and another eleven were wounded.

Gabriel's other brother, Edouard, who had taken over command when Gabriel fell, wanted to follow the police as they withdrew. Riel would not allow it, however, saying there had been too much bloodshed already. If the Métis had pursued the police, there is little doubt that the retreat

The troops had a carefree, almost nonchalant attitude toward the prospect of fighting.

would have become a rout. Volunteer Alexander Stewart recalled, "If we had not retreated when we did, we would all in less than five minutes have been massacred."

Middleton was on his way to Winnipeg by train when he received word of the clash at Duck Lake. He telegraphed for more troops. The response was immediate and immense. Almost five thousand militiamen volunteered their services. Two-thirds were from eastern Canada. One observer noted that they responded to the call "like guests to a wedding breakfast." The *Leader* suggested sending some of them back, saying not all would be needed.

The task of outfitting the soldiers was a challenge that enthusiasm alone could not overcome. Major Charles A. Boulton — who had been held prisoner by Riel in the 1870 Red River uprising — raised a corps of mounted riflemen from western Manitoba at his own expense. Boulton's Scouts did not have uniforms. They rounded up their own horses from farms and ranches. Saddles, cartridge belts, and rifles were supplied without any regard to uniformity of pattern. One observer, George J. Kinnaird, recorded, "Both drill and discipline were very defective, in fact almost a negligible quantity, but they could ride and they could shoot and there weren't any cold feet in the outfit."

The troops had a carefree, almost nonchalant attitude toward the prospect of fighting. Kinnaird reported that Boulton's Scouts behaved "like a bunch of school boys let out to play; their worries must have all been locked up in their old kit bags and the keys dropped into the river."

As the campaign progressed, the problems became more apparent. Rifleman John Andrew Forin of the Queen's Own Rifles recorded in his diary: "Our food mostly consisted of hardtack biscuit and tea — pork and beans for a change.... Never appreciated letters like I do now — this is real warfare."

Until troops arrived, many settlements were almost defenceless. In Moose Jaw, a resident noted that the Canadian Pacific Railway "kept an engine ready for quick removal of women and children should the town be raided." In Regina, citizens organized a home defence unit called the Regina Blazers, but promised federal assistance in outfitting them was long in coming. After much delay and negotiation, the rifles and belts arrived, but no uniforms or ammunition. The Blazers began to see why Riel had become so exasperated in dealing with Ottawa.

Ammunition finally arrived just before Riel's surrender. After drilling faithfully for eight hours a week during the entire campaign, the only service the Blazers saw was when they turned out, still without proper uniforms, to present arms to General Middleton during Riel's trial.

Thanks to the nearly completed transcontinental railway, the first troops from eastern Canada arrived in Qu'Appelle within a week. William Van Horne, the Canadian Pacific Railway general manager, had experience dispatching troops during the American Civil War and put this experience to good use.

Middleton's strategy was simple, at least on paper. He proposed a three-pronged assault and assembled three columns of troops along the CPR line. He chose to lead the first column himself. These troops detrained at Qu'Appelle and were to move north to the Métis stronghold at Batoche and then on to Prince Albert. Their departure was delayed, however, as Middleton wanted to give them additional training, since "many of the men had never pulled a trigger."

The second column, under Colonel William Otter, set out from Swift Current to relieve Fort Battleford, where terrified settlers, huddling inside, watched their homes being ransacked and burned as a large band of starving Cree established a camp nearby. Chief Poundmaker tried, but failed, to stop rogue warriors from looting the town.

The third column, under General Thomas Bland Strange, moved north from Calgary to Edmonton and then down the North Saskatchewan River in the direction of Big Bear's Cree encampment near Fort Pitt. This third thrust was a response to the Frog Lake "massacre," as it was called at the time. Over Big Bear's objections, a faction of warriors, emboldened by the Métis victory at Duck Lake, attacked the settlement at Frog Lake on April 2 and killed nine men, including two priests and the local Indian agent.

The incident outraged many Canadians of the time. More recently, however, historians have cast it in a different light — as a desperate act by people who had survived a particularly severe winter and suffered food shortages and harsh treatment at the hands of Indian agent Thomas Quinn.

The Métis were scattered throughout the North-West Territories, but Middleton directed his main thrust at Batoche, where Riel had established his headquarters. As the column moved north, Dumont prepared an ambush at Fish Creek on April 24. The plan failed because, by chance, the infantry stopped to examine a house that had recently been ransacked. This delay enabled Boulton's Scouts to get far in advance of the main body. The Métis opened fire

Cree Chief Poundmaker photographed at the police barracks in Regina, 1885.

O.B. BUELL/LAC//C-001875

GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-1270-1

Above: Chief Big Bear in police custody in Regina, circa 1885.

Right: *The Capture of Batoche*, a colour lithograph from an 1885 battlefield sketch by Sergeant Grundy and others.

prematurely on the scouts, who were advancing in skirmish formation, and revealed the trap.

Although outnumbered, the Métis and their Aboriginal allies fought the troops to a standstill and forced them to withdraw. Dumont's troops might have withdrawn if they had been able, but they were pinned down by heavy rifle and artillery fire. Despite the torrent of bullets, Dumont urged on his troops by shouting, "Don't be afraid of the bullets. They won't hurt you."

But some of the bullets did find their mark. Dumont's forces lost at least four men, while Middleton's side suffered ten deaths. The general himself was almost killed at Fish Creek. Too dignified to seek cover, he made himself a conspicuous target: "I received a bullet through my fur cap from one of the men in the rifle-pits, who had made several attempts to hit me before, and whom I have reason to believe was Gabriel Dumont himself."

Dumont later disputed this: "Middleton might, as a matter of fact, have had a shot pierce his fur cap, as he said in his report, but he can congratulate himself that I didn't recognize him." Dumont was an excellent shot and seldom missed.

After an all-day battle, Middleton's troops withdrew from Fish Creek. They halted for a couple of weeks to care for their wounded and to await the steamer *Northcote*. Although it had a draft of less than a metre, it repeatedly got stuck on the mud banks of the South Saskatchewan River; Middleton sarcastically noted that it came "mostly by land." Ironically, the *Northcote* was fortified with wood taken from Dumont's own stables; Middleton's troops had overrun his homestead on May 7, removing timber to reinforce Canada's first and only prairie warship.

Middleton proposed a simultaneous assault on Batoche by his troops, supported by the *Northcote*. On May 9, the "simultaneous" attack got off to a bad start when the steamer arrived at Batoche an hour ahead of schedule. To add to the difficulties, the Métis stretched a cable across the river, knocking over the *Northcote*'s two smokestacks and starting a fire that the troops had to extinguish while the Métis took potshots at them from shore.

The *Northcote*'s captain, in the unprotected wheelhouse on the top deck, was unable to steer the vessel as Métis bullets whistled overhead, so he sought cover and allowed it to drift downstream, effectively knocking it out of the battle.

At Batoche, the Métis faced a deadly weapon they had never encountered before — the Gatling gun. First used during the American Civil War, the rapid-fire weapon had been brought up from the United States by Captain Arthur Howard of the Connecticut Home Guard to demonstrate its effectiveness in battle.

Besieged and outnumbered by Middleton's troops, Dumont's forces desperately held on. By the fourth day they were so low on ammunition that they were reduced to using nails and stones instead of bullets. Some fired their ramrods as a final gesture of defiance. But since this revealed their desperation, Middleton's troops advanced with greater boldness.

The final assault was a muddled affair. While Middleton was having lunch, some troops in forward positions could see no reason to wait for orders, so they decided to charge. Other troops, seeing their initial success, joined in to complete the capture of the village.

Middleton's side suffered eight deaths; the Métis lost fourteen. Of the latter, five were killed in their rifle pits in the final bayonet charge. Two of them were in their

SHIFTING RIEL-ITY

How time has changed our ideas about the 1885 North-West Uprising

Louis Riel, 1880.

MCCORD MUSEUM/MP-1977.211

Louis Riel and the Métis were justified in starting an armed uprising.

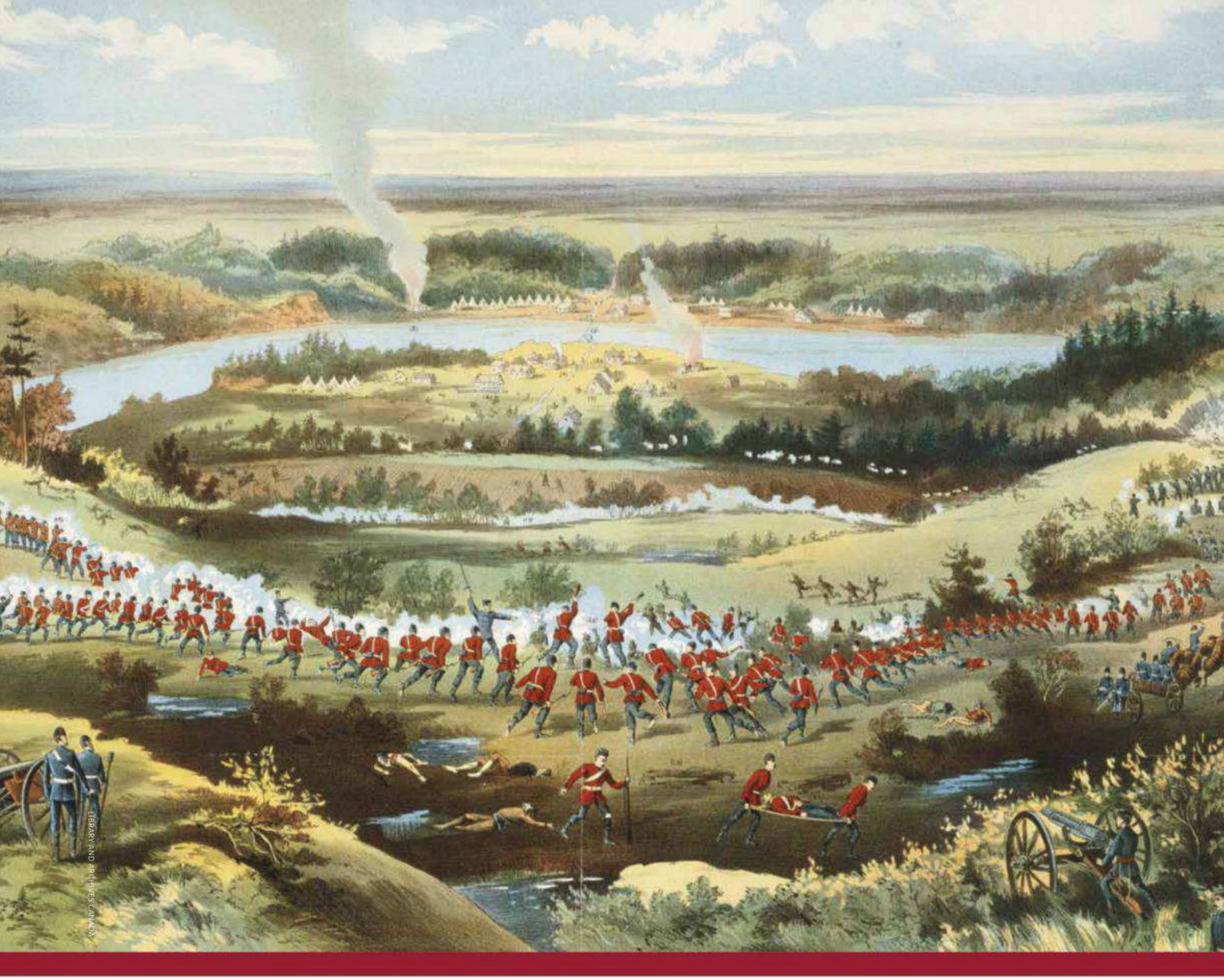
This was not the prevailing view among English-speaking white people in eastern Canada in 1885. Clergyman C.P. Mulvaney, writing shortly after the event, saw Louis Riel and the "half-breeds" — as he called the Métis — as trying to establish "an island of mediaevalism," thus impeding the spread of civilization.

This view started to change in the 1930s with historian George F.G. Stanley, who saw the events of 1885 as inevitable as a complex culture came into contact with a more "primitive" one. After the Second World War, historians started seeing Riel as a heroic resistance figure.

More recently, controversial historian Thomas Flanagan has challenged that view, arguing that the grievances of the Métis were partly of their own making.

Aboriginal people were driven to rebel out of desperation because of the disappearance of their main food source, the bison.

Actually, most Native people were loyal to the Crown. Only a few warriors, acting against the wishes of their leaders, took part. The actions of these few warriors incensed white Canadians of the time, who saw all Aboriginals as being ungrateful for the relief — including



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food, clothing, and farm machinery — they were receiving from the federal government. "Five years of pampering and petting have failed," said the *Saskatchewan Herald* of May 25, 1885.

Yet they were hardly pampered, as writer Maggie Siggins points out in *Riel: A Life of Revolution* (1994). An economic depression in the early 1880s led the government to drastically cut back funding to the Indian Department, leading to widespread starvation. Pleas to John A. Macdonald's government to increase rations went unheeded.

Fort Battleford was held under "siege."

Hundreds of terrified residents of the town of Battleford sought refuge in the nearby NWMP fort as a large Cree-Assiniboine force under Chief Poundmaker arrived in the area.

After Poundmaker was refused a meeting with the Indian agent, a number of warriors looted and burned some homes and emptied a Hudson's Bay Company depot. Citizens of Battleford later described a scene of wholesale destruction, but there is evidence that much of the looting was done by Canadian soldiers looking for supplies and souvenirs.

Until 2010, Parks Canada had described the event at Fort Battleford as a "siege." But Aboriginal oral histories point out that the fort was never attacked or surrounded, nor was its surrender demanded. Poundmaker was there to ask for supplies and to assure authorities that his people would not join Riel's revolt.

Parks Canada now describes the people inside the fort as having a "siege mentality." Fearing an attack that never came, they stayed inside the fort for almost a month.

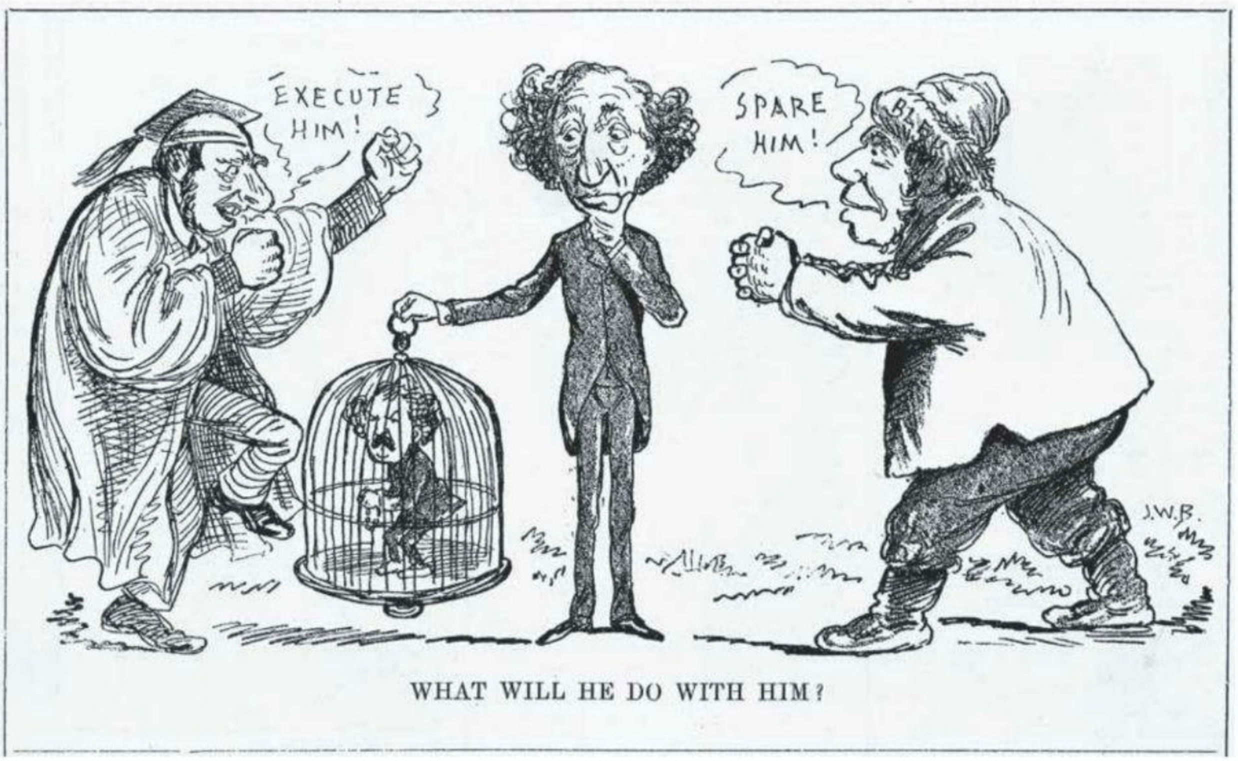
Louis Riel was unjustly hanged and should be pardoned.

In 1875, Parliament granted Riel amnesty for the Red River Rebellion, including his role in the execution of surveyor Thomas Scott. Ten years later, on November 16, 1885, Riel was hanged for treason in connection with the 1885 North-West Rebellion.

Riel has since been lauded as the founder of Manitoba, a Father of Confederation, and a Métis hero. He has also been decried as a madman with a messiah complex.

Since 1979, the House of Commons has received numerous private members' bills and resolutions to pardon Riel and/or to revoke his conviction. The last attempt was made by Winnipeg Centre MP Pat Martin in 2010, the 125th anniversary of the rebellion. It was unsuccessful.

— Nelle Oosterom


EXECUTE HIM!
SPARE HIM!
J.W.B.
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIM?

GLENBOW ARCHIVES/NA-3012-4

A *Grip* magazine cartoon dated May 23, 1885, depicts Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's indecision over the fate of Louis Riel after the Métis leader's surrender.

sixties, two were seventy-five, and one, Joseph Ouellette, was an astonishing ninety-three years old.

Riel gave himself up to Middleton on May 15. Dumont escaped and planned to spend the summer harassing the troops, but instead fled to the United States, where he later joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. His parting words to his wife Madeleine were, "If the enemy captures you and blames you for my actions, you tell them that since the government couldn't manage me, it wasn't easy for you to do so."

In the meantime, Colonel Otter, commanding the second column of troops from Swift Current, had reached Battleford. He then proceeded to attack Chief Poundmaker on his reserve fifty-five kilometres west of town. The Battle of Cut Knife Hill took place May 2. Although Otter intended to surprise the Cree force, the Natives soon gained the upper hand and forced the troops to withdraw.

Several warriors wanted to pursue them, but Poundmaker would not allow it, saying, "They have come here to fight us and we have fought them; now let them go." He later surrendered after learning of Riel's defeat.

General Strange led the third column from Calgary to Edmonton and then to Fort Pitt to confront Big Bear's warriors. Many whites held Big Bear personally responsible for the killings at Frog Lake, even though he had tried to stop the slaughter. The clash occurred on May 28 near Frenchman's Butte, about twenty kilometres east of Fort Pitt. Although taken completely by surprise, the Cree quickly recovered and took up defensive positions in the brush. The troops could make no headway and Strange ordered a retreat.

They withdrew just as the Native warriors began to flee the battlefield. But Strange was reluctant to pursue them without reinforcements. Demoralized and hungry, Big Bear gave himself up in early July. The uprising was over.

The campaign from March to July 1885 had been short, but it was expensive, running into the millions of dollars for military expenditures alone and several more millions in compensation for war losses.

Yet the greatest cost was in human terms. For instance, the twelve dead and eleven wounded among the hundred police and volunteers engaged in the skirmish at Duck Lake amounted to a casualty rate of twenty-three per cent.

Saskatchewan historian Norman Fergus Black stated that Crozier's force had twenty-five wounded; if true, this would boost the casualty rate to an astounding thirty-seven per cent. If Riel, Poundmaker, and Big Bear had not displayed the restraint they did, casualties would have been even higher.

Fortunately for Macdonald, support for Riel's provisional government was weak, as almost all white settlers rallied to the side of the government, and many Métis communities remained neutral. The Aboriginal people were divided but essentially loyal. Otherwise, the conflict would have been longer, costlier, and deadlier.

In spite of being grossly ill-prepared, the young dominion struggled through and survived. George Kinnaird perhaps best summed up the conduct of the campaign when he said, "In that war as in every other, we blundered through somehow and came out all right in the end."

Whether one views the campaign as being efficiently run or a blunder-filled mess, the troops were able to suppress an uprising in a relatively short time.

Yet had the government attended to the concerns of the region in the first place, there would have been no need for a military campaign.

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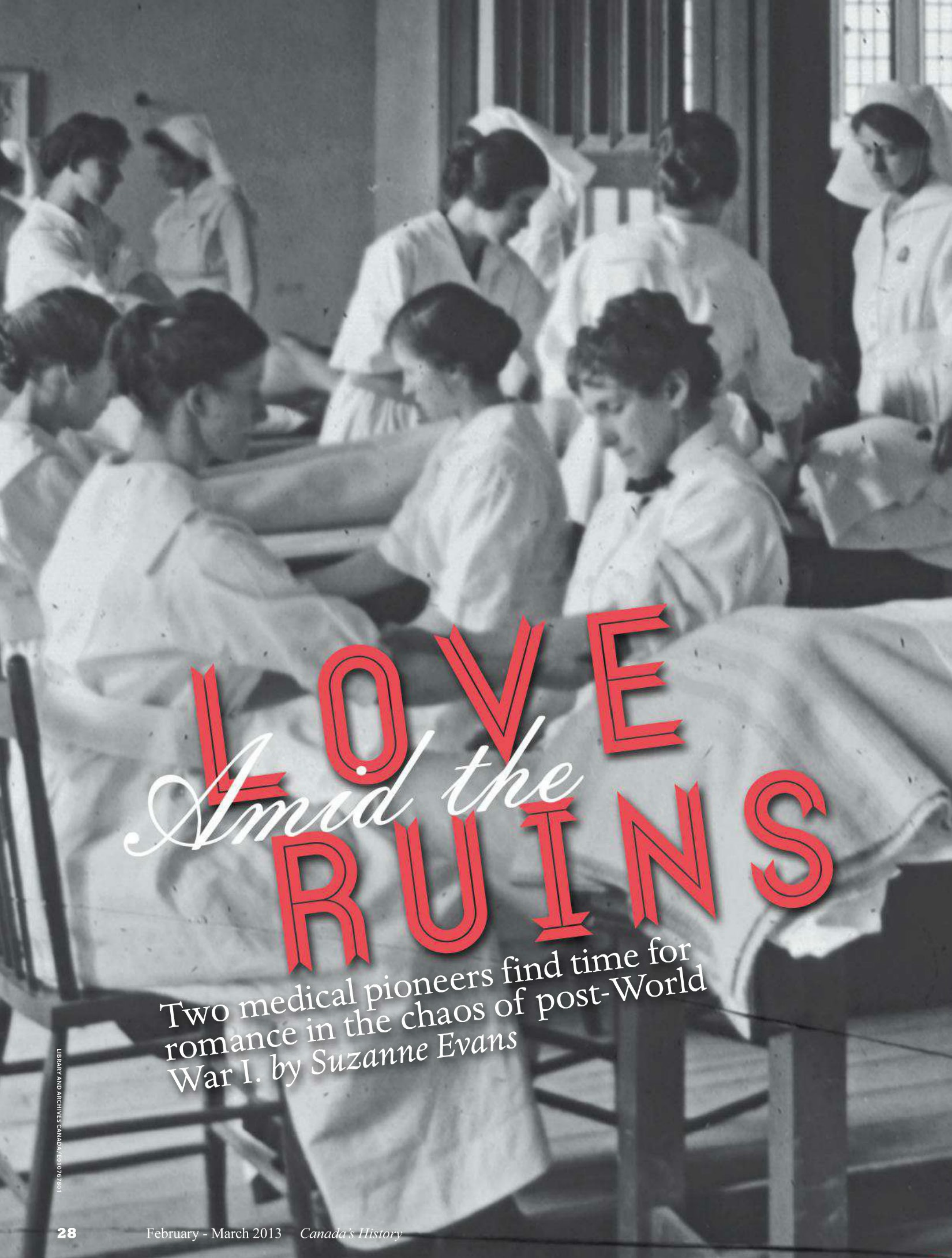

LOVE *Amid the* RUINS

Two medical pioneers find time for romance in the chaos of post-World War I. *by Suzanne Evans*

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In the First World War he worked at a casualty clearing station in Belgium while she worked an ocean away in Montreal and Toronto. With sutures and scalpels he patched men whose flesh had been shredded by war and, experimenting at death's door, he poured blood into their veins. She massaged the veterans' mending limbs, exercised their weakened muscles, and taught her skills to others.

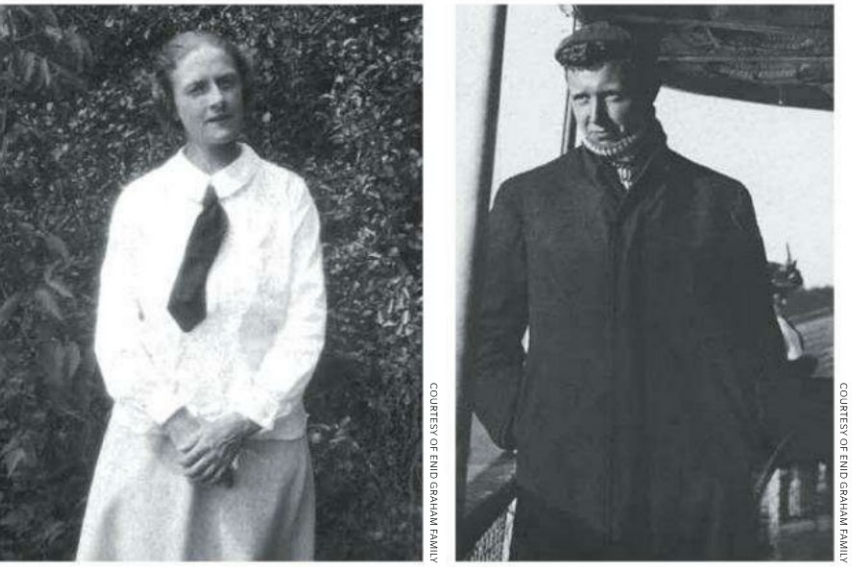
In time, physiotherapist Enid Gordon Finley and surgeon Lawrence Bruce Robertson would meet, marry, and make history with their medical arts. Only she, however, would live long enough to see her efforts commemorated. Robertson succumbed to pneumonia in 1923 at age thirty-seven. Enid Finley gathered and saved the ephemera of Robertson's military and professional life, hoping his accomplishments would be remembered.

Robertson was born in Toronto in 1885, nephew of John Ross Robertson, publisher of the *Evening Telegram*. Bruce, as he was called, grew up to study medicine at the University of Toronto. He spent his early career caring for children, first interning at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and then training in pediatric and orthopedic surgery at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He went on to work as a surgeon at the Children's Hospital in Boston before returning to Toronto's SickKids in 1913. During his days in the U.S., he had learned a new skill — blood transfusion. The method he learned was indirect transfusion, where the donor's blood was siphoned into

Students attend massage class at Hart House, University of Toronto, circa 1918–1925. Enid Gordon Finley was a supervising masseuse with Hart House's Volunteer Aid Detachment.

a tube, placed in a glass container, and then introduced into the patient with syringes. The usual method at that time was direct artery-to-vein transfusion, which was technically difficult and often failed.

In 1915, Robertson, along with his friend Dr. Alan Brown, published findings on the success they had seen in their tiny charges' recovery after transfusions they had received at SickKids. It was with clear delight that they wrote about the case of a five-week-old baby who had become desperately ill in the days following an operation: "On the fourth day 120 c.c. of the father's blood was injected; the immediate result was striking and the continued upward progress of the patient till the present day seemed conclusive evidence that the transfusion was of material aid in tiding this infant over a critical period."


COURTESY OF ENID GRAHAM FAMILY

COURTESY OF ENID GRAHAM FAMILY

Enid Gordon Finley and Lawrence Bruce Robertson, shown in these undated photos, first met in 1919.

By the time his article came out in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, Robertson was already a lieutenant in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, having enlisted in November 1914. His work in the forces began in the cow stables at the training camp on the Canadian National Exhibition grounds in Toronto. He changed, if not upgraded, his surroundings in 1915, when he was posted overseas. Most of his time near the front was spent at No. 2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station at Remy Siding, just behind Poperinghe, Belgium.

Two months before Robertson enlisted, Finley, then twenty — nine years his junior — returned home to Montreal after having spent three years in Europe completing her education. Hers was not the usual finishing school experience of needlework and etiquette. She spent a year in Heidelberg, Germany, studying massage and medical gymnastics. She continued her studies in what would soon be called physiotherapy at the Pennsylvania Orthopaedic Institute and School of Mechanotherapy.

When she returned to Montreal, Finley applied her newfound knowledge to war work, first practising physiotherapy at Belmont Convalescent Home and then teaching massage at McGill University.

Meanwhile, the Military Hospital Commission (later renamed the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment) finally realized the usefulness of physiotherapy to wounded soldiers. It opened the Military School of Orthopaedic Surgery and Physiotherapy at Hart House, University of Toronto, in the spring of 1918. At age twenty-four, Finley was the supervising masseuse, until the commission, with a remarkable lack of foresight, closed the school, thinking that no more physiotherapists would be needed. But Finley soon found a place that required her skills. On February 1, 1919, the Dominion Orthopaedic Hospital for veterans opened its doors at a converted factory on Toronto's Christie Street, with Finley as a supervising masseuse.

Through these years Robertson had been experimenting with battlefield blood transfusion. In November 1917, he published in the *British Medical Journal* a comprehensive article citing thirty-six case studies of transfusion. Robertson measured and documented the distance between life and death in heartbeats, blood pressure, amounts of donated blood, and, occasionally, cigarettes.

This was the case with a patient identified as Captain A.C.T. After severe hemorrhaging and the amputation of a shattered leg, the captain's blood pressure plummeted from an average of 120/80 to 66/20 mm Hg. Robertson decided that the patient's only chance for survival was a blood transfusion. After receiving half the transfused blood, the captain regained consciousness. After the second half, wrote Robertson, "he asked for a cigarette and smoked it with enjoyment." Although that would be a jarring comment for a doctor to make these days, at the time cigarettes were viewed as calming companions. Being a smoker himself, Robertson knew the pleasure the captain got from his tobacco and understood it as a mark of well-being if not good health!

Years later, Georges Vanier — Canada's Governor General from 1959 to 1967 — remembered asking for a cigarette after being wounded in battle in 1918. But that was before the blood transfusion that, as he unequivocally stated in his diary, "saved my life."

For both humane and medical interest, Robertson kept in touch with his patients. He even went so far as to give them self-addressed envelopes with the request that they write him about their recovery. A number of them did, and some wrote more than once.

"Dear Major Robertson; I wonder if you remember saving my life at No. 2 CCS last June 6th," wrote Second Lieutenant E.O. Tancock in a letter dated June 24, 1918. "If this finds you and you can give me an address to write to, I should like to let you know what happened to me."

In spite of being weakened by repeated bouts of influenza, Robertson was eager to get closer to the front. His superiors thought differently. His commanding officer, Colonel Edgar Davey, cited Robertson's crushing workload: "On August 16th and 17th (1917) we admitted 1,202 casualties — 1,096 wounded and there were 162 operations performed by Major Robertson, the doctor remaining on duty after sixteen hours, sometimes twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a time. Eventually he broke down under the strain. He didn't want to leave; but we sent him away for a rest. He was back in a month."

He was ordered to return to Canada in January 1918 due to poor health. He brought the letters home with him along with a variety of photographs that showed life at the clearing station. Even a small selection of his photos — steaming pots of food on a brick stove, the incinerator by the latrine, an impressive vegetable garden, and slings hanging from the ceiling in the operating theatre — reveals a man who saw significance in details and who had an eye for the many facets of healthy living.

Once back in Toronto, he spared little time for the rest he needed. He went back to work at SickKids, was a lecturer at the University of Toronto, and joined the staff at the new Dominion Orthopaedic Hospital, where Finley was working. Sparks may have started to fly between the two busy professionals in the early months of 1919. But come summer they had more time to linger under the comfortable guise of professional activity.

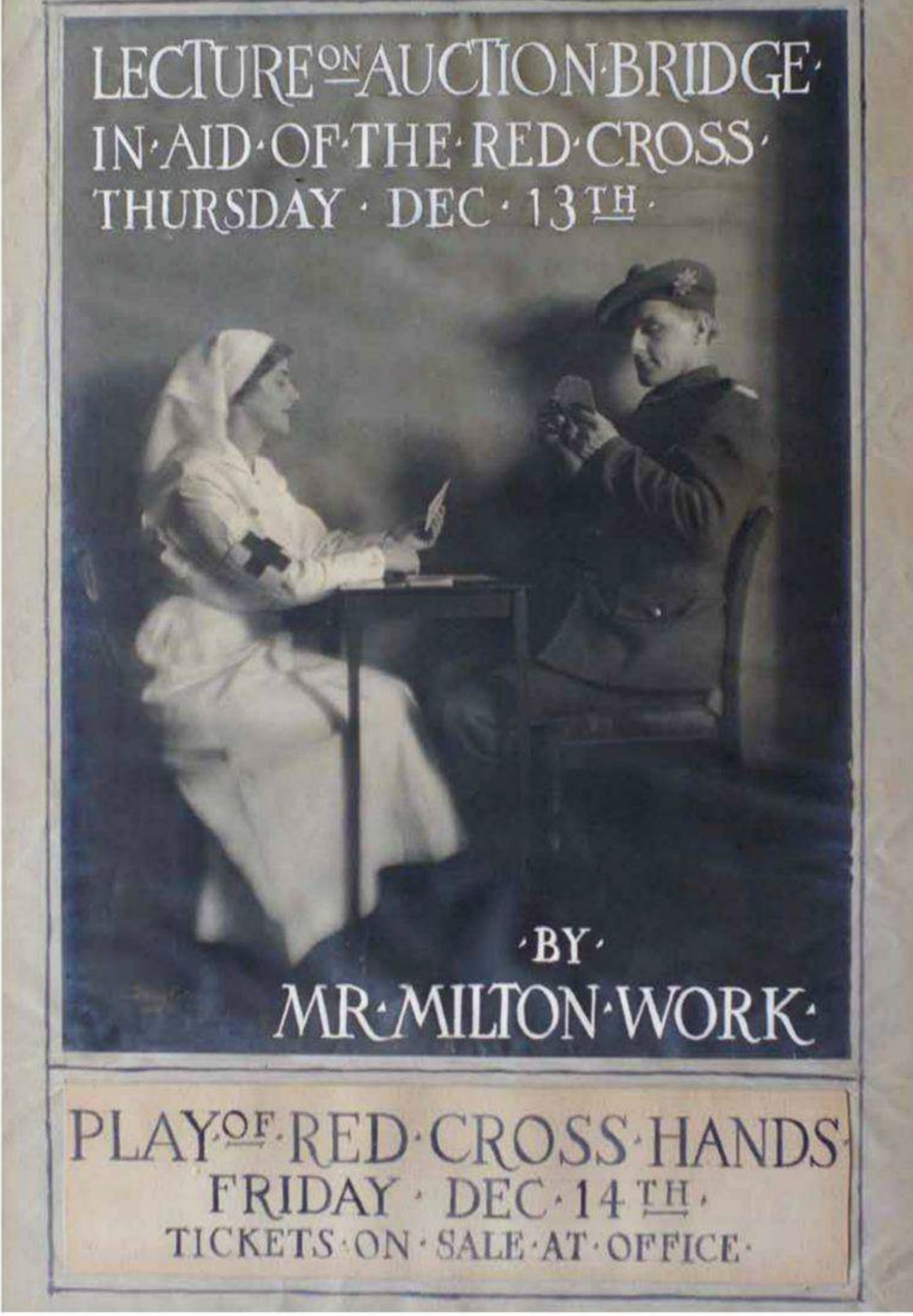
On July 28 of that year, Robertson was admitted to the hospital with an infected hand. Despite using gloves, this was the second time he had suffered from a hand infection sustained during surgery. In the days before penicillin, these injuries were very serious. (Twenty years later, another Canadian doctor working with battlefield blood transfusions would die of such an injury — Dr. Norman Bethune.) One month's hospitalization allowed Robertson time to take in all the offerings of the Christie Street environment. Of course, the wounded hand of this tall, very slender, brown-eyed man required massage to reduce the scar tissue and promote good circulation. Who better to work with this important patient than Finley, the supervising masseuse?

It would not have taken long for the two to see that, beyond the pleasure of each other's touch, they shared a similar social background, quick minds, and caring hearts driven to make a difference. These two decisive personalities quickly made up their minds about each other. By October they were engaged. Finley moved back to Montreal to help with wedding preparations.

On April 17, 1920, they were married in Enid's family home in Montreal, where they were surrounded, noted the society pages, by heirloom Honiton lace and prominent medical personalities. Robertson declined to be married in his uniform, as was then the custom. In a letter to Enid he wrote: "I should be married in the orthodox clothes instead of uniform — everyone is getting a bit fed up with the latter and it might seem like carrying on too far to be married in uniform so long after the old war is over."

At the end of May they were back in Toronto, he to his medical work and she to her promotion of physiotherapy within civilian hospitals and to the formation of what would later be known as the Canadian Physiotherapy Association.

The two only shared four years, during which time they had a son and a daughter. Few personal items exist from their relationship, but one small bundle of letters tied with pink ribbon was passed on from daughter to granddaughter. Robertson was not shy to claim the constancy of his love — "It is a vista of years of happiness that I am looking forward to but only with you." The letters are also full of the commonplace. He notes "some of the thousand-and-one things dear," such as baseboard electrical plugs, and mortgage rates for their new Toronto home. He also shares with Enid what the next day might bring for his transfusion research on the "very curious reactions between the blood of parent and child which cannot be explained very easily…."



COURTESY OF ENID GRAHAM FAMILY

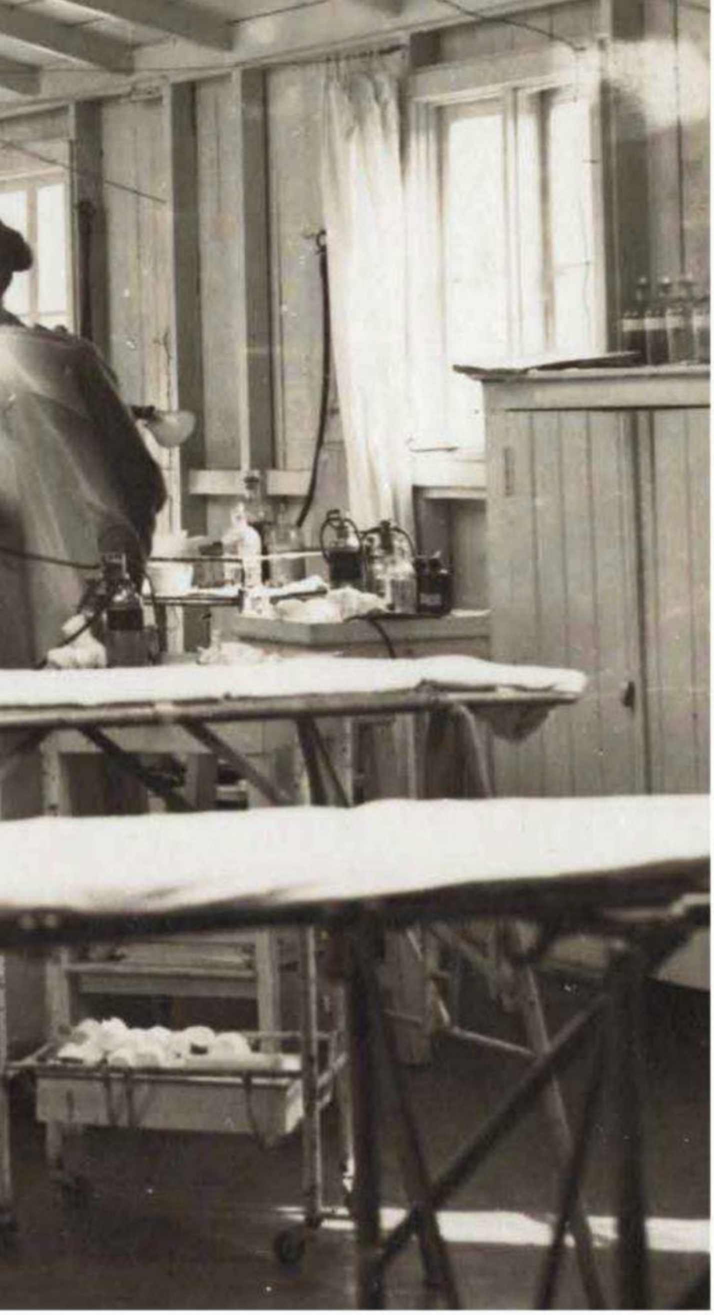
Enid Gordon Finley poses for a wartime Red Cross charity poster. The identity of her playing partner is unknown.

For both humane and medical interest, Robertson kept in touch with his patients. He even went so far as to give them self-addressed envelopes with the request that they write him about their recovery.

Among Robertson's professional documents were seven articles he wrote about the effects of blood transfusion in infants and wounded soldiers. Yet his name was absent from Sir Geoffrey Keynes' classic record of this new technique, simply called *Blood Transfusion* (1922). Instead, credit was given to an American doctor, Oswald Robertson, with whom, in a confusing quirk of fate, he shared his last name. Oswald Robertson also did pioneering transfusion work and established the first blood bank on the front.

Bruce Robertson took a moment to set the record straight with Keynes. But, rather than mentioning himself, he noted that another Canadian, Major Edward Archibald, had introduced the small but important advancement of using citrate as an anticoagulant, not the American, Oswald Robertson. Making the most of understatement, Robertson wrote: "I believe in giving the Americans all the credit due to them, but you know they have a national prejudice against undervaluing their own accomplishments." With the gentle humour for which he was known, Robertson played into a deeply entrenched tendency by Canadians to downplay their accomplishments.

With time, Robertson's name and accomplishments have resurfaced. In 2001, science historian Kim Pelis wrote a wonderfully detailed account of this corner of medical history in the *Journal of the History of Medicine and Allied Sciences.*



ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO/F 1374

Lawrence Bruce Robertson, the tall man seen from behind, operates on a patient at No. 2 Canadian Casualty Clearing Station in Poperinghe, Belgium, October 1917.

Meanwhile, Finley made sure that their children would never be confused with any other Robertson family. After her husband's death in 1923, she had their surnames legally changed to Bruce-Robertson. In time she gathered all the eulogies written about her late husband. They contained glowing words from doctors such as Edward Gallie: "He had already made such valuable original contributions to medical science that he was known in the medical literature of every language."

Colonel Edgar Davey, Robertson's commanding officer, told a crowd of five hundred gathered at a memorial service at the University of Toronto's Convocation Hall that for all of Robertson's ambition he never forgot the patient: "He was almost womanlike in tenderness."

Finley also saved letters of condolence, such as the one she received from Sabina Redmond Bartow: "My dear, dear Enid, How often you are in my thoughts in these weary months of your first efforts to adjust yourself to your grief.... Try to take it only a day — only an hour at a time."

Heavy with grief, Finley left Canada for Europe with her son and daughter and only returned when the children were of school age and she was ready once again to start pressing for the recognition of physiotherapy and for the expansion of its role in medicine. She was a driving force in the establishment of a two-year diploma program at the University of Toronto. The program began in 1929, the same year she married Dr. Duncan Graham, renowned for his influence on medical education in Canada.

Through force of character and some of her own money, she kept the physiotherapy program going through the Depression. When war came again in 1939, she began chairing the Canadian Physiotherapy Association's Military Affairs Committee, which she helped to form only days after the outbreak of war.

She convinced the Canadian military establishment to formally acknowledge their need for physiotherapists. Within the year, the rank, salary, uniform allowance, and age limit of appointed physiotherapists — all university-trained women — were made official by order of the minister of national defence. Of the 340 qualified physiotherapists in Canada, 138 volunteered for overseas duty; their pay and privileges were equal to male volunteers of similar rank.

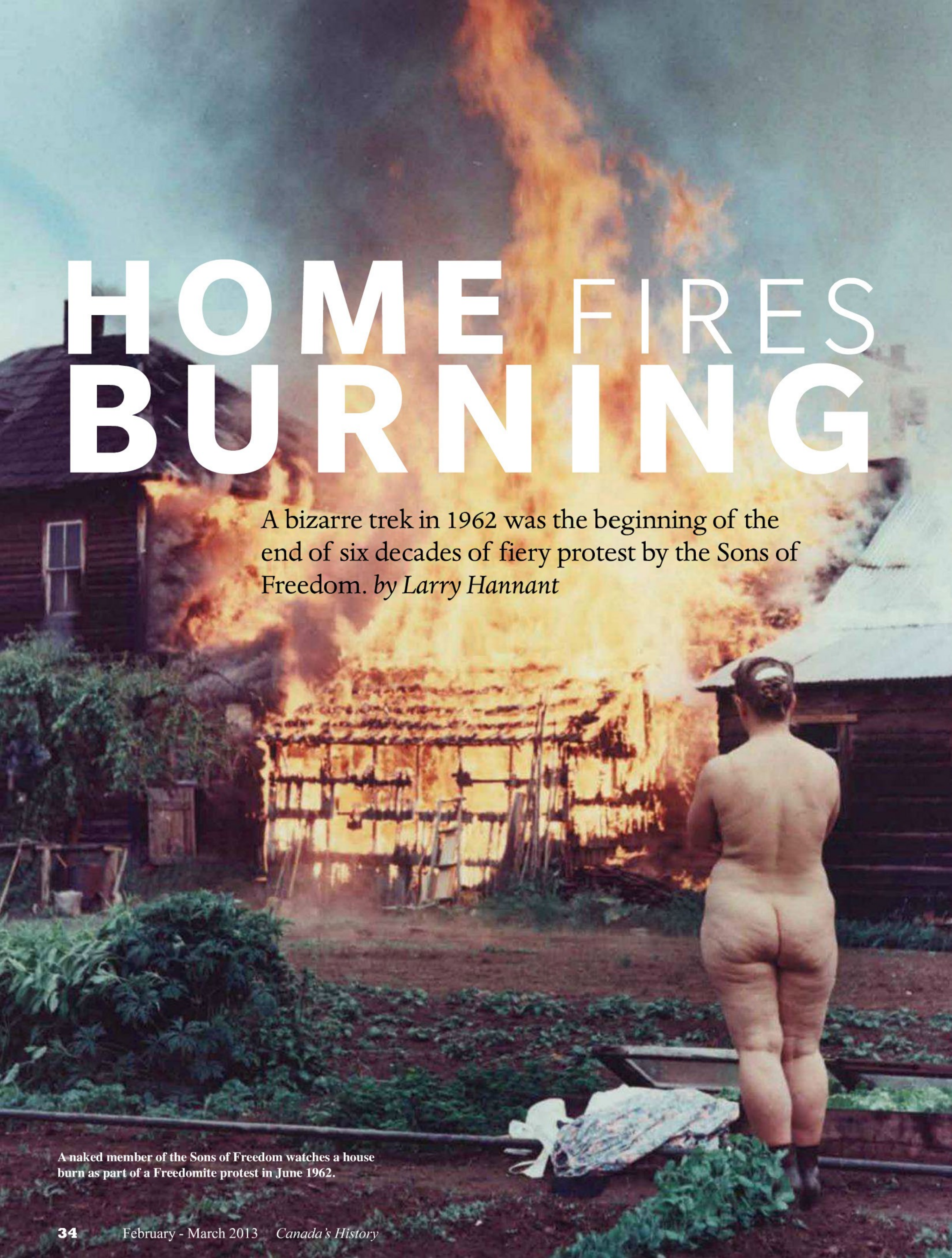
Much in keeping with her first husband's habit of staying in contact with his soldier patients, Enid Graham kept closely connected with her military physiotherapists. She wrote them letters, sent medical books she thought useful, and spoke with their families in Canada.

Today, the impact of her work is visible both off and on the battlefield. Over twenty thousand physiotherapists are registered in Canada, and fourteen universities offer studies in physiotherapy beginning at the professional master's level. In 2006, Canada was the first country to send a physiotherapist to the Kandahar Airfield base hospital in Afghanistan.

"Enid Graham is to the profession of physiotherapy in Canada what Florence Nightingale was to the profession of nursing worldwide," Cleather J. Head wrote in a 1995 history of physiotherapy in Canada. "She was a visionary, a true leader, and the ultimate champion for the profession as it has evolved."

Graham was a driving force in the profession until her death in 1974. Like her late husband Bruce Robertson, Graham pioneered medical advances in wartime that continue to evolve to this day.

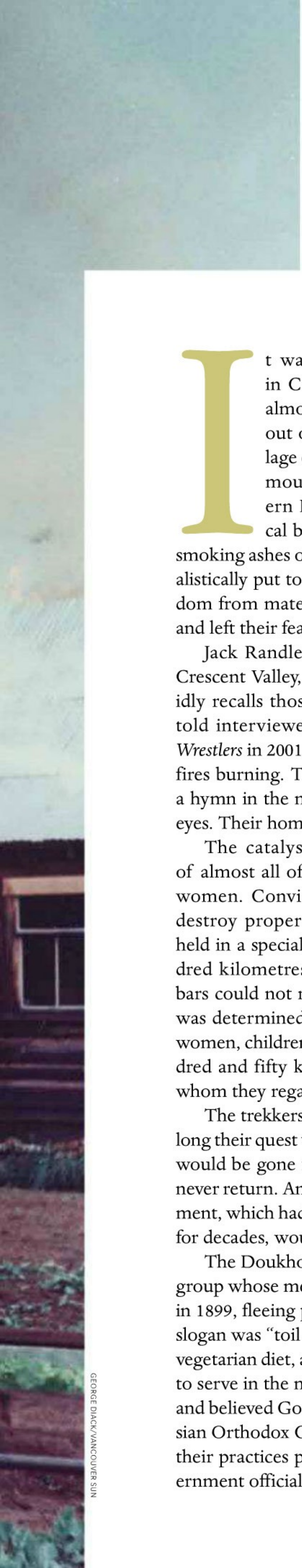
The author wishes to thank Orian Hartviksen, Bruce Hovey, and Shelley Matheis of the Robertson family, the Canadian Physiotherapy Association, and the Canadian War Museum for their help and support in preparing this article.



HOME FIRES BURNING

A bizarre trek in 1962 was the beginning of the end of six decades of fiery protest by the Sons of Freedom. *by Larry Hannant*

A naked member of the Sons of Freedom watches a house burn as part of a Freedomite protest in June 1962.



GEORGE DIACK/VANCOUVER SUN

It was perhaps one of the strangest events in Canadian history. On September 2, 1962, almost a thousand Sons of Freedom marched out of the charred remains of their home village of Krestova, a community cloistered in the mountainous Kootenay region of southeastern British Columbia. Members of this radical branch of Doukhobors left behind the still smoking ashes of about two hundred homes they had ritualistically put to the torch — a way of showing their freedom from material possessions. The process took weeks and left their fearful neighbours in shock.

Jack Randle, then an RCMP constable stationed in Crescent Valley, the nearest detachment to Krestova, vividly recalls those days: “It was like a war going on,” he told interviewers for the documentary film *The Spirit Wrestlers* in 2001. “I’ve seen nights where there was twenty fires burning. The people would be standing out singing a hymn in the nude, almost in shock by the look in their eyes. Their home or residence was going up in flames.”

The catalyst for the event was the imprisonment of almost all of the community’s young men and some women. Convicted of arson, bombing, conspiracy to destroy property, and other charges, they were being held in a specially constructed fireproof jail about a hundred kilometres east of Vancouver. Since those behind bars could not return to the community, the community was determined to go to them. The marchers — mostly women, children, and old men — intended to hike six hundred and fifty kilometres to join the jailed Freedomites, whom they regarded as unjustly imprisoned.

The trekkers probably did not realize how far and how long their quest would take them. Most of the Freedomites would be gone from Krestova for ten years. Some would never return. And the Sons of Freedom Doukhobor movement, which had been the scourge of politicians and police for decades, would be greatly weakened.

The Doukhobors were members of a pacifist religious group whose members first arrived in Canada from Russia in 1899, fleeing persecution from the tsarist regime. Their slogan was “toil and peaceful life.” They lived simply, ate a vegetarian diet, avoided alcohol, lived communally, refused to serve in the military, regarded women as equal to men, and believed God lived in people not in churches. The Russian Orthodox Church considered them heretics. Some of their practices put them into conflict with Canadian government officials, as well as with each other. Most refused to register births, deaths, and marriages; a small number would not send their children to public schools.

The Sons of Freedom emerged as a dissenting group in 1902. Beginning in the 1940s, and in campaigns that escalated through the 1950s, the Freedomites began burning the homes of moderate Doukhobors who were seen as abandoning the movement’s principles. They also staged public protests in the nude. Over the years, their actions escalated to include the bombing and burning of what they saw as symbols of state authority and wealth.

The situation became particularly volatile in 1961 when the Freedomites got into a conflict with the majority moderate Doukhobors over the issue of land ownership. The former believed land should neither be bought nor sold; the latter, at the urging of the B.C. government, had begun buying land that had previously belonged to the commune but had been seized by the province in 1939. In the summer of 1961, scores of homes were consumed by fire as the Sons of Freedom tried to save their brethren from straying onto the path of materialism.

By early 1962, the violence had moved beyond the Doukhobor community. In a four-month period, 259 bombings and arsons racked the Kootenay region, causing almost three million dollars in damage.

The most serious case involved the bombing of a hydroelectricity pylon in the Kootenay region, which caused nearby mines to be without full power for months. About a thousand employees with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company were thrown out of work; the RCMP had to warn some of them against taking violent retaliation. Nine Freedomites received fifteen-year sentences for this incident.

The power line bombing shocked the country. A *Calgary Herald* editorial summed up the sentiments of the time: “What the Sons of Freedom sect appears to be doing is to be waging a scandalous form of guerilla warfare against this nation.”

While the bombings destroyed much property, few people were actually injured. For instance, a Freedomite explosive set in the linens department of the Eaton’s store in Trail, B.C., blasted a hole in the roof; the timer was set to detonate the bomb after closing time, and no one was hurt.

Miraculously, no injuries also resulted from another ingenious device — slivers of dynamite packed into a cigarette package. Several were left in movie theatres in Nelson. Meanwhile, nude protests abounded, sometimes involving scores of men and women who shed their clothes en masse.

One Kootenay woman's letter to Member of Parliament H.W. Herridge captured the tone of emergency that had afflicted the region. Mrs. Peter Rollick compared the situation to the brutal war then raging in Algeria, North Africa: "I wonder just how long the people are going to live in terror like this. We read of Algiers and the terror there, and we have it right here in our own country. Many of the people here in this community are talking of vigilantes and meaning every word of it."

Fearing such vigilantism, the RCMP were under great pressure to make arrests. But the force had trouble penetrating the Freedomites' close-knit subculture. Then, in a dramatic and bizarre reversal, the RCMP went from having no criminal charges to an abundance of them. After making one key arrest in a bombing case, the force found itself besieged by Freedomite men confessing, in apparent total earnestness, to their involvement in various crimes and giving the names of their associates. When the associates were arrested, they in turn confessed and pointed to yet more guilty parties. By the summer of 1962, close to two hundred Freedomite men were before the courts or already sentenced to prison terms.

Their motives for confessing remain obscure. In court, they argued that they acknowledged their involvement only because they had been deceived into believing that once they were in jail the government would make an earnest effort to examine and resolve their grievances, and that the prisoners would gain early parole. But the province's Social Credit government made no such concession. The men would serve their full sentences.

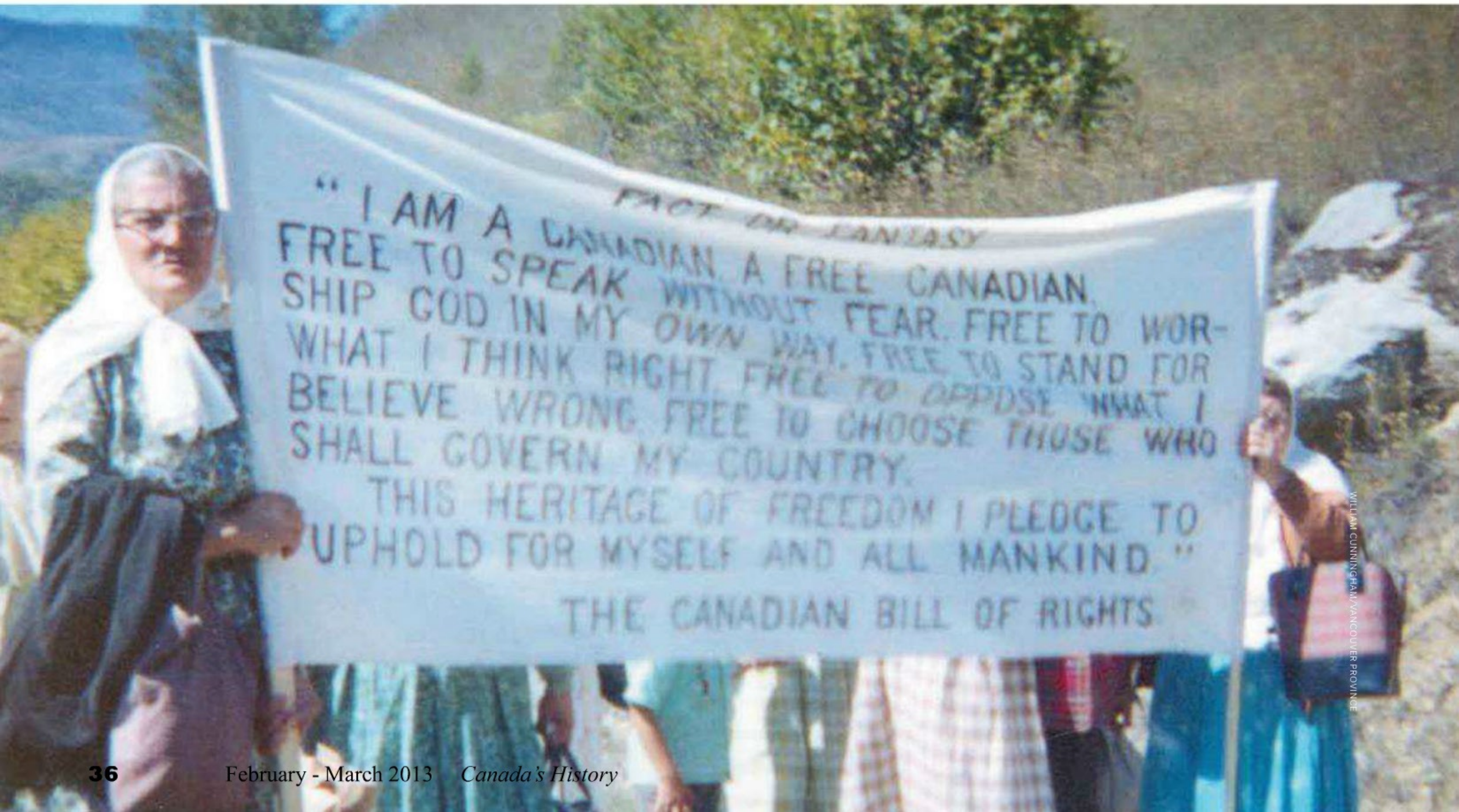
Convinced that their menfolk had been railroaded into prison, those Freedomites still in their main village of Krestova grew restive. In the weeks before the 1962 trek, Krestova became a blazing torch as people prepared for the planned exodus by burning their own homes.

Naida Stoochnoff, then not yet a teenager, remembers her family preparing to purge themselves of their possessions. Speaking to film interviewers in 2001, she said: "We got together, and we prayed as a family and sort of planned what we were going to do. I was young — I don't remember everything but I do remember feeling that nervous feeling of, well, this is your home going up in flames."

Interviewed decades later, RCMP officers on the scene said they did not believe the Freedomites were serious about trekking more than halfway across B.C. to Mountain Institution in Agassiz. Often, in the past, the police had stopped protests outside of Krestova to prevent them from proceeding to neighbouring towns. In September 1962, they took a new tack. Constable Jack Flamank stood up on the bumper of his cruiser and, mimicking a popular television western series, *Rawhide*, hollered: "Head 'em up! Move 'em out! The sooner you leave the Kootenays the better!" Confounding the expectations of many observers, the crowd surged across the bridge over the Slocan River and began their unexpected exodus.

For more than a few Doukhobors, even those who were non-Freedomites like Edna Sapriken, the trek was an inspiring adventure that commanded them to join. She was just seventeen when, driven by curiosity, she and one of her girlfriends went to watch the trekkers set out. One glimpse was enough. "The minute I seen that mass of people and recognized many faces I just had to be there," Sapriken told interviewers for the film *The Spirit Wrestlers*.

Going at once to her parents, she recalls saying to


FACT OR FANTASY
" I AM A CANADIAN, A FREE CANADIAN
FREE TO SPEAK WITHOUT FEAR, FREE TO WOR-
SHIP GOD IN MY OWN WAY, FREE TO STAND FOR
WHAT I THINK RIGHT, FREE TO OPPOSE WHAT I
BELIEVE WRONG, FREE TO CHOOSE THOSE WHO
SHALL GOVERN MY COUNTRY.
THIS HERITAGE OF FREEDOM I PLEDGE TO
UPHOLD FOR MYSELF AND ALL MANKIND "
THE CANADIAN BILL OF RIGHTS

Members of the Sons of Freedom on their 1962 march from Krestova to Agassiz in British Columbia.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM/VANCOUVER PROVINCE

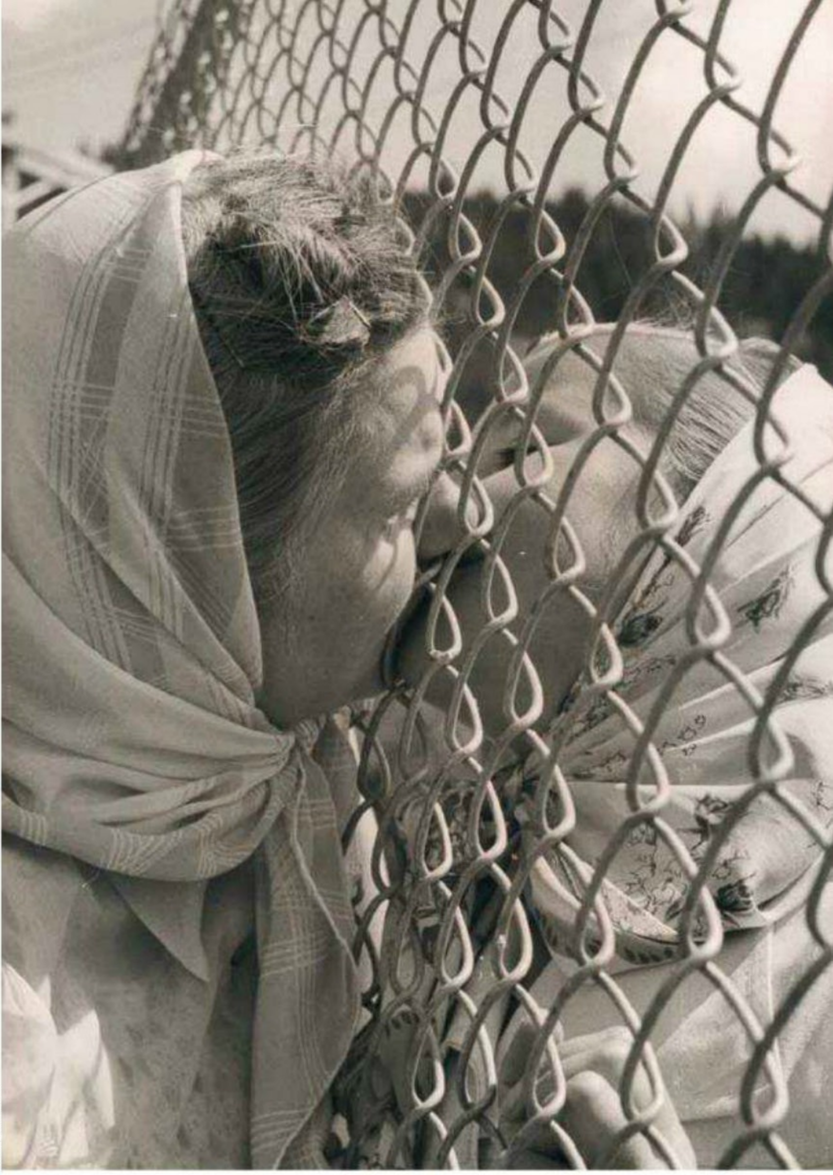
them, "'I am going.' And my mom, she said: 'Who are you going to go with?' 'I don't know.' 'Where are you going to stay?' 'I don't know, but I am going.' And I went." In fact, such was her enthusiasm that the entire Sapriken family joined.

While the march had no clear leader at the beginning, one woman soon emerged as the natural head of the group. Florence Storgoff — known as "Big Fanny" — was a forceful presence. A long-time activist who spent three years in Kingston Penitentiary for arson, she declared that when the Freedomites reached the prison, "either our men will come out to see us or we will march into the prison."

By the time they reached Castlegar, just thirty kilometres from Krestova, they were twelve hundred strong. The Crowsnest Highway was lined with curious onlookers, some of them openly encouraging the Freedomites to leave. Mayor Joe Palyga of the nearby city of Trail declared, "If they want to go to Agassiz we're very happy to see them leave the Kootenays. But they're just publicity hounds. This is just a stunt to get more attention and more sympathy."

They got none from B.C. Attorney General Robert Bonner. He scoffed that if they made it to Agassiz, the Freedomites would have no houses or land. "Perhaps they could get accommodation at the Harrison Hotsprings Hotel," he told the *Vancouver Sun*. "They could get a cut rate by providing stripteases for the floor show."

Once it became clear that the trekkers were forging on, authorities took the matter more seriously. Fearing the prospect of a thousand protesters storming Agassiz Mountain Prison, in mid-September the municipality of Kent, which included the prison, passed a bylaw barring the Freedomites from entering the district. Troops from CFB Chilliwack erected barbed wire around the prison, and police set up blockades to enforce the bylaw as the marchers approached Princeton, B.C., about three hundred and seventy kilometres from Krestova. Freedomites camped in a nearby park for a few weeks, then moved on when the attorney general, under criticism for denying the sect its right to protest, decided to lift the roadblocks and leave the Freedomites "to their own devices." Meanwhile, B.C.'s Supreme Court ruled the Agassiz bylaw invalid in mid-November.



VANCOUVER SUN

A mother kisses her daughter through a chain link fence at a residential school in New Denver, B.C., July 1959. About 200 Sons of Freedom children were taken from their parents and placed in the school from 1953 to 1959.

While the march had no clear leader at the beginning, one woman soon emerged as the natural head of the group. Florence Storgoff — know as "Big Fanny" — was a forceful presence.

The Freedomites moved on to Hope, B.C., only about thirty kilometres from the prison, and again set up a tent city, remaining in the area until early 1963. In mid-January Storgeoff announced, "Tell them we're moving west." But instead of moving on to Agassiz, the trekker confounded everyone by pushing through to Vancouver.

Suddenly they were not an isolated problem; they were in the heart of the province's largest city. It seemed to be another tactical victory in the cat-and-mouse game pitting Freedomite canniness against official intransigence. Their arrival in late January split Vancouver. When they poured into the heart of downtown and settled into Victory Square, *Vancouver Sun* reporter Simma Holt, who wrote frequently on the issue, dismissed those who wanted to accept the Freedomites as "suckers."

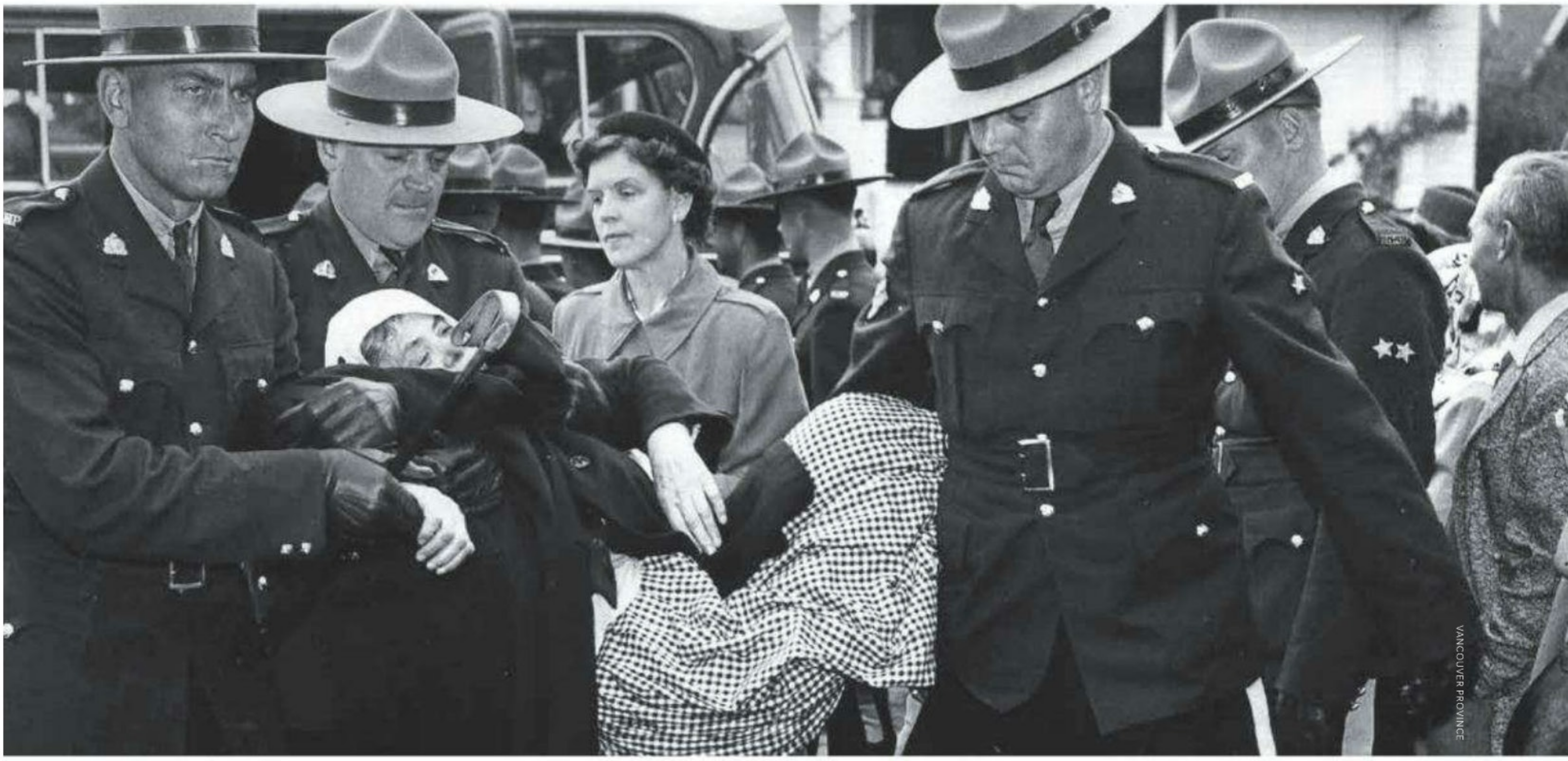
But University of British Columbia social work professor W.G. Dixon responded that the Freedomites should not be forced to return to the Kootenays and said the urgent problems of caring for and housing them must be solved in order to speed their assimilation. This sparked a derisive reply from a letter writer in the *Vancouver Sun*: "These sociologists at our university who have been weeping in their beards about the poor Douks must have large backyards. Let them each camp twenty or thirty of them." Fist fights erupted at one meeting of supporters and opponents.

It turned out that descending into Vancouver was the worst possible move for the Freedomites. The move took them into the belly of the beast. For sixty years they had resisted modern life. Now they were suddenly immersed in modernity. Younger people found it hard to resist the lure of big city attractions. As the months wore on, Freedomite young women began to opt for stylish shoes, mid-calf skirts, even the occasional bouffant hairdo. Police monitoring the group reported seeing young male Freedomites in pool halls and beer parlours. Elders spoke wistfully about their desire to plant gardens.

The West Coast rains further dampened the Freedomites' vigils and fervour. Many found places to stay in the city's poverty-stricken east end. They held daily vigils at Victory Square, but the place was fast becoming the Freedomites' Waterloo. The provincial government saw this and approved. A special committee of deputy ministers declared that encouraging the Freedomites to lose themselves in the city was "the best thing that we could be doing."

They urged department stores in the city to hire Doukhobors rather than discriminate against them. Another employment plan offered jobs to young Freedomite men — fighting forest fires. Reviled throughout British Columbia as notorious arsonists, the Freedomites were to be put to work dousing fires!

Meanwhile, inside Agassiz prison, a fireproof steel and concrete structure built especially to hold Sons of Freedom activists, frustration reached a boiling point. By the summer of 1963, the prison population was about a hundred and thirty, of whom fourteen were women who had arrived later than most of the men.



RCMP officers carry a hunger-striking protestor into court in Burnaby, B.C., September 17, 1953. That same year, the B.C. government began seizing Freedomite children and sending them to a residential school.

VANCOUVER PROVINCE

SIX DECADES OF CONFLICT

1899

Some 7,500 Doukhobors (Russian for spirit wrestlers) arrive in Canada as exiles, fleeing persecution in Russia, where, as pacifists, they refused to serve in the military. They are granted 350,000 acres of land in Saskatchewan.

1905

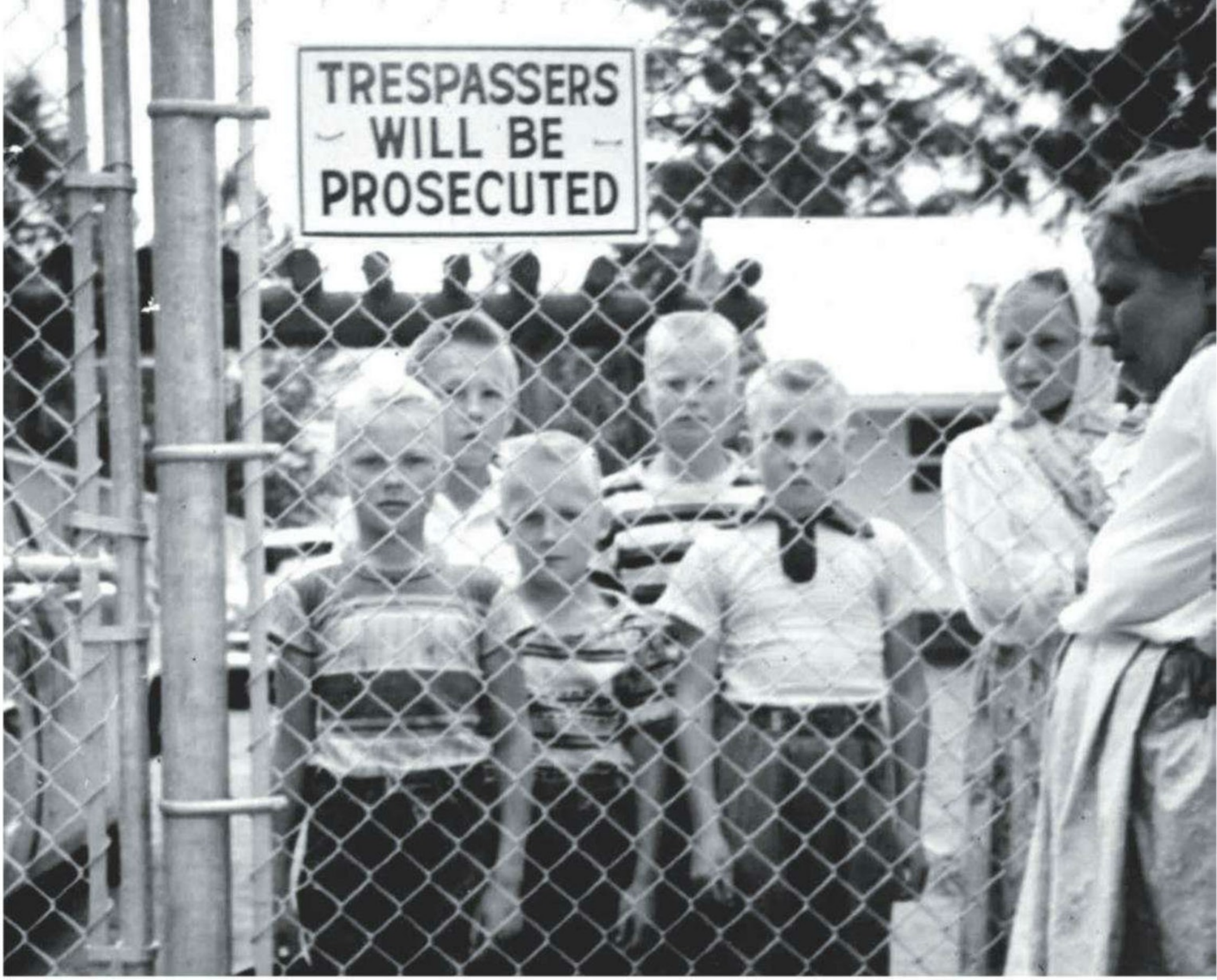
A conflict erupts with the federal government over the conditions of the land grant. Because the Doukhobors will not swear an oath of allegiance — required for the granting of land titles — their homestead entries in Saskatchewan are cancelled.

1908-1912

Led by Peter V. Verigin, many Doukhobors begin moving to the Kootenay district of British Columbia. Soon, five thousand Doukhobors establish scores of thriving villages. Some purchase their own farms and become Independents.

1920s

The minority Sons of Freedom oppose government efforts to assimilate them into the Canadian mainstream. They refuse to send their children to public schools, stage nude protests, and burn their own homes.



ROYAL BC MUSEUM

Sons of Freedom children at the New Denver residential school participate in a prayer service in 1959.

On July 21, 1963, these women and ninety of their male counterparts launched a hunger strike. They demanded that the government re-examine how they had been convicted. Freedomites in Vancouver had no choice but to act. In mid-August a group was on its way to Agassiz. Reduced to a hard core of just a few hundred, this time they eschewed marching in favour of taking the bus.

Edna Sapriken recalls a tense standoff: "When we got to the gates of Agassiz Mountain Prison the police were waiting for us. Of course, as Doukhobors do, we sing. So the buses stopped and the bus driver said, 'This is the place where you get off.' And the police officer on the road said, 'You don't get off. If you set foot on this ground, you are going to be arrested.'

"So we just kept on singing and we got off the bus and stood around for a while, and then we just started walking towards the gates of the prison. Nobody got arrested."

1932

Seven hundred adults are sentenced to three years in prison for public nudity during protests that escalate with the Great Depression. British Columbia establishes a penal colony on Piers Island, just off Vancouver Island.

1953-1959

The provincial government seizes Freedomite children and places them in an isolated residential school in New Denver, B.C. Separated from their parents, their language, and their customs, many suffer psychological trauma.

1960s

Urged on by the government, the majority group of Doukhobors begins to purchase land. Freedomites protest, saying land should not be bought or sold. Some go to jail after burning the homes of their Doukhobor brethren.

Today

There are about 30,000 Doukhobors in Canada. About a third remain active in the culture but none live communally. Meanwhile, those forced to attend residential school are seeking an apology from the B.C. government.

As supporters settled into their camp on grounds outside the prison, some of their weakened compatriots inside were being fed by force. Among them was Paul Podmorrow, who at twenty-two was one of the stronger of the hunger strikers. He was not force-fed until August 22, which was day thirty of the hunger strike. According to a coroner's report, twice that day — morning and evening — four prison guards held him down while another pushed a plastic hose towards his stomach via his nostrils. After that, he complained of a burning pain in his chest and was given an injection for pain. At seven o'clock that evening, the only trained medical officer left the prison for the night. By midnight Podmorrow was in crisis, and he did not survive the night.

Impassioned accusations flew. At an emotional burial, Freedomites called politicians murderers and butchers. In reply, writer Simma Holt — who later became a Member of Parliament — contended that it was the Freedomite leaders who had murdered Podmorrow.

Meanwhile, a coroner's jury ruled in early September that Podmorrow had died of starvation and attached no blame for his death. Authorities made no concessions to the demonstrators, and the hunger strike soon collapsed.

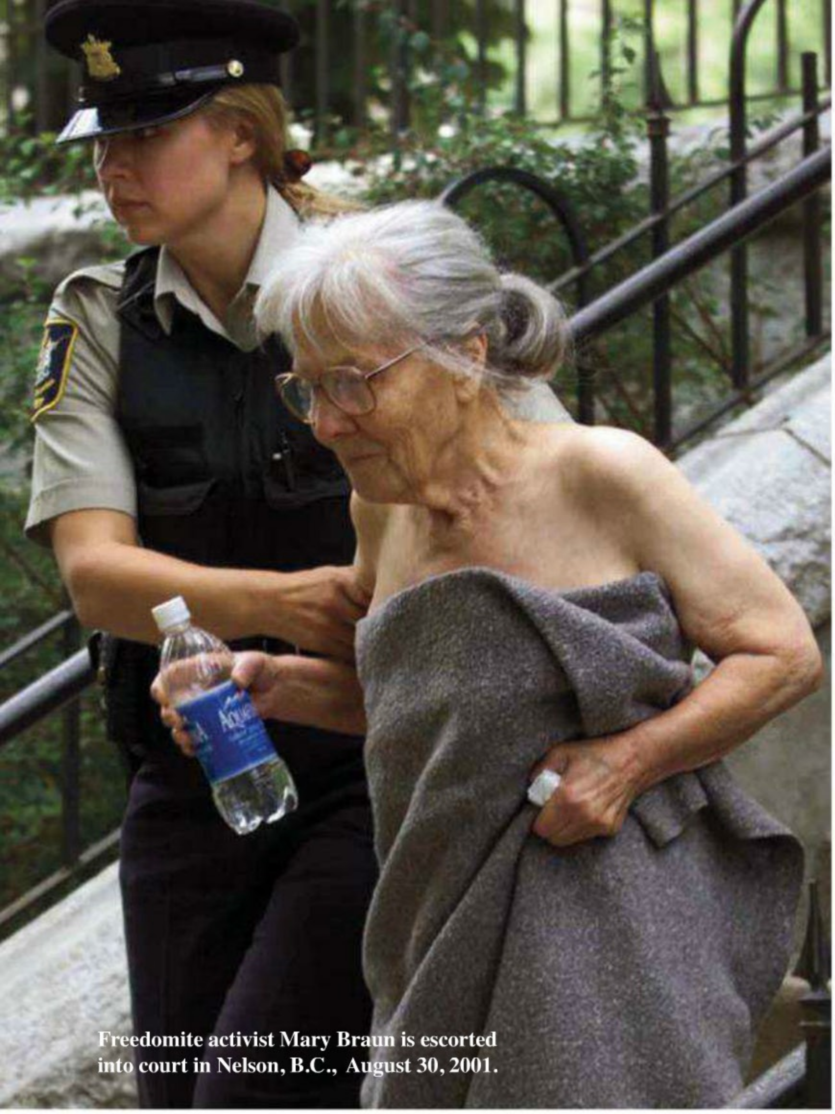
The demonstrators stayed put, however. They cleared a place for themselves in a gravel pit beside Agassiz Mountain Prison. It began as a tent camp but gradually evolved into a shack town. At first, the locals were curious, suspicious, even hostile. Freedomite Grace Worrall recalls that some "had pitchforks and shovels in their hands because they were scared that we were going to make some kind of trouble."

But, over time, fear gave way to fascination for some. Worrall, who was twenty, recalls that the arrival in town of a bevy of young Doukhobor girls was not lost on the boys of Agassiz. "Guys came with their cars, and they drove back and forth, and they would stop and talk, and then they would say, 'Would you like to go out to a movie tonight or a drive-in? Or for a ride?' So we would say, 'Sure!'" Worrall said.

The inevitable followed. Worrall informed her parents that she had fallen in love with, and was determined to marry, a local young man. Despite objections from her father, the wedding went ahead.

The shantytown next to Mountain Prison was in place until 1972, when the last of the Sons of Freedom inmates were paroled. Some of the original trekkers remained in the Vancouver area, while others drifted back home. But the Kootenay region from which they had walked away in 1962 was not the place they had known. Surveyors had divided the Crown land on which they had squatted into private plots. Outsiders, including non-Doukhobors, had moved in. Returning Freedomites established a new community near Krestova, which they named New Settlement. A core group still lives there today.

The Sons of Freedom sect has since mostly faded into obscurity. Gone with them was the era of mass protest, nudity, and violence that Canadians identified simply as terrorism.



Freedomite activist Mary Braun is escorted into court in Nelson, B.C., August 30, 2001.

ADRIAN WYLD/CANADIAN PRESS

MOVEMENT STRIPPED TO NOTHING

Just days before the September 11, 2001, attack on the World Trade Center that ushered in a new age of terror, one of the last people to be associated with Freedomite violence was found guilty of arson. Eighty-one-year-old Mary Braun was sentenced to six years in prison for burning down a community college building in Crescent Valley, near Krestova, British Columbia, in early August of 2001. In keeping with the traditions of an earlier era, Braun stripped naked for her court appearances as a small group of elderly supporters recited the Lord's Prayer in Russian.

WARTIME
FARM

World War II was not just about soldiers, tanks and guns. The "battle for food" was an herculean and often forgotten war effort on the part of British farmers to reduce dependency on imports, double food production and feed nearly 50 million people.

In this riveting eight-part BBC reality series, social historian Ruth Goodman and her team explore the hardships and innovations of the era, bringing the agricultural revolution to life at Manor Farm.

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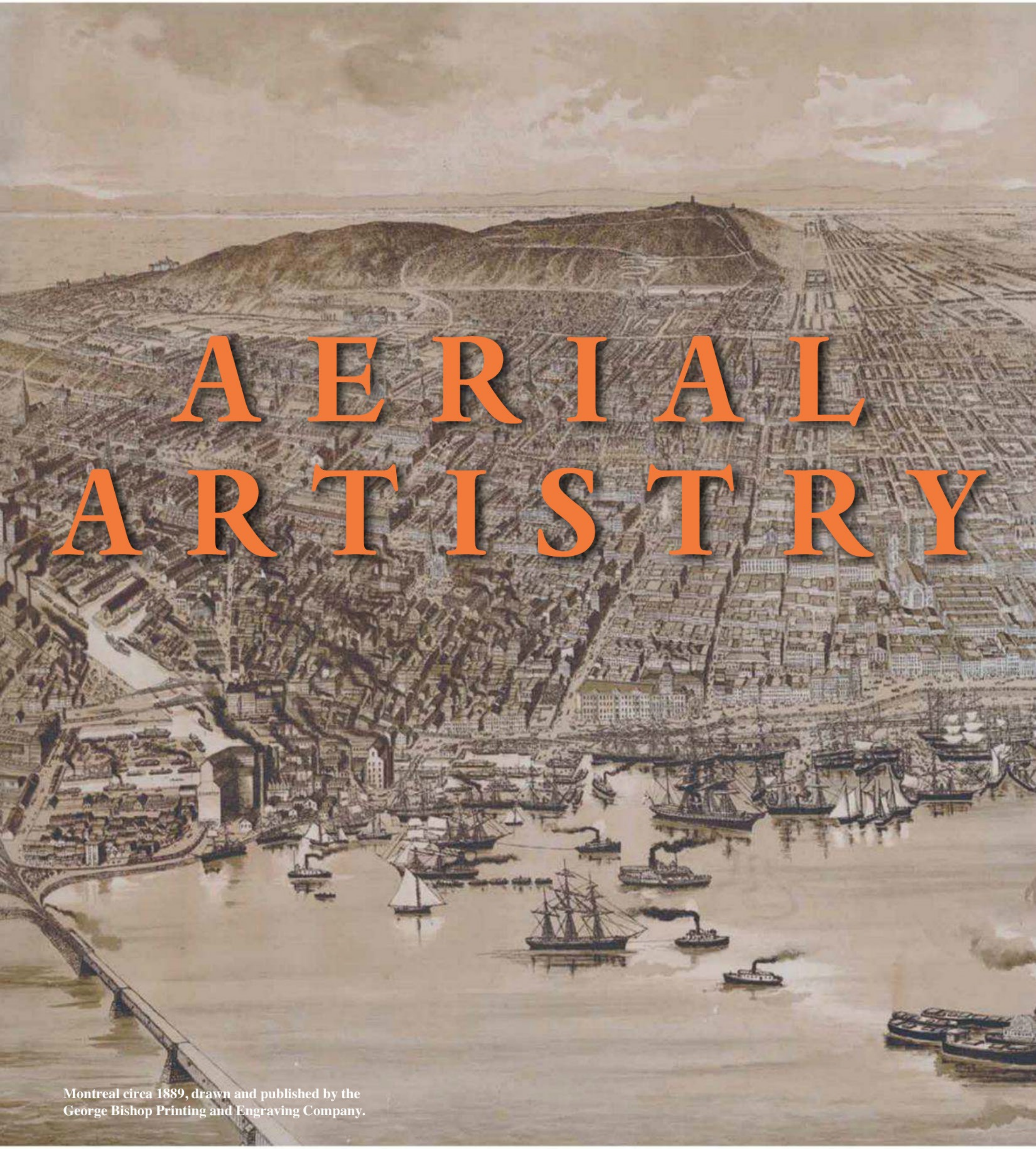
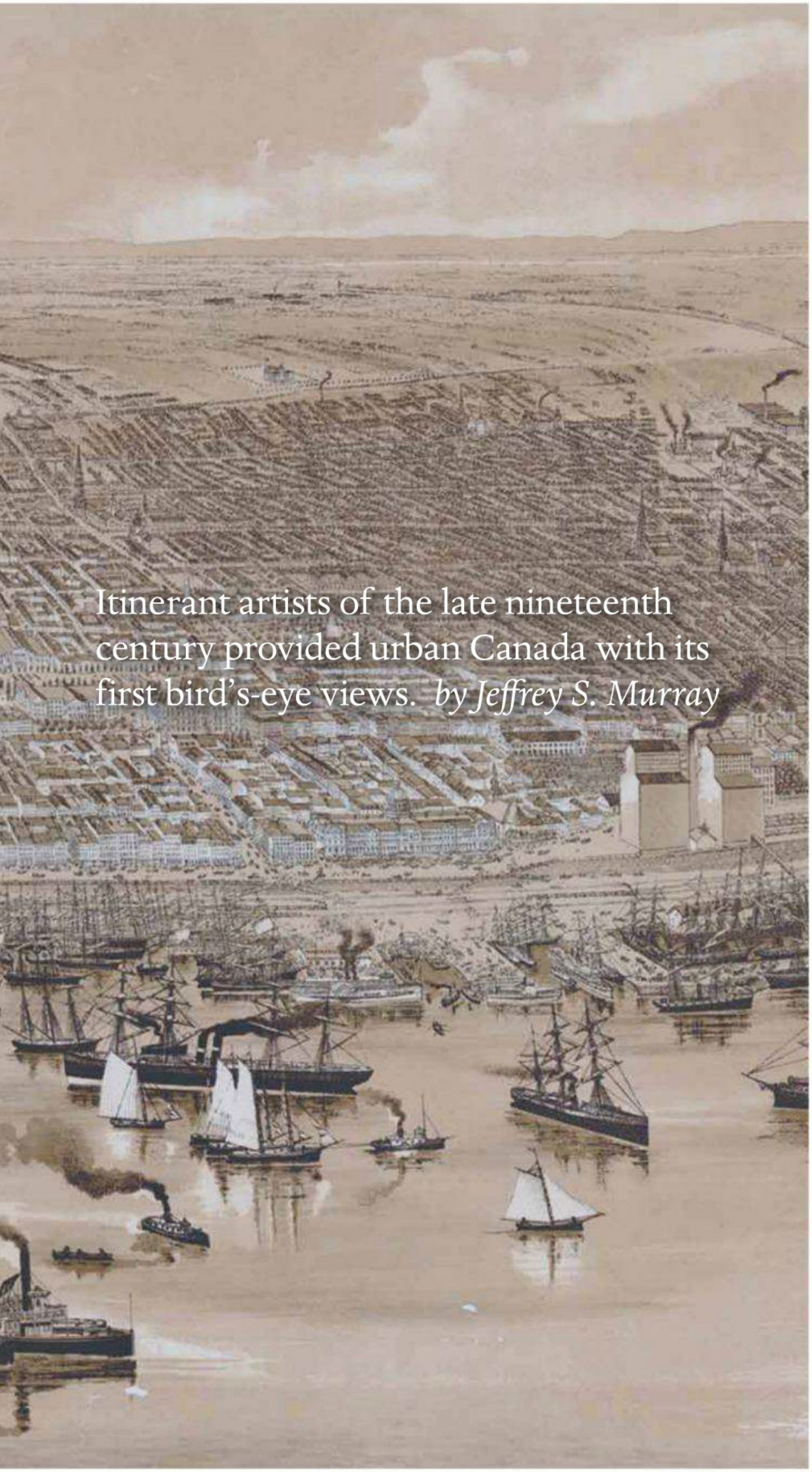
AERIAL ARTISTRY



Montreal circa 1889, drawn and published by the George Bishop Printing and Engraving Company.



Itinerant artists of the late nineteenth century provided urban Canada with its first bird's-eye views.

by Jeffrey S. Murray

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Armed with little more than a pocket notebook and pencil, Edwin Whitefield methodically made his way along the dusty streets of Hamilton, Ontario, in 1854, stopping at each building to make a few quick sketches and then moving along to the next. Sometimes he briefly interrupted his work to take a peek in a backyard; other times he moved closer to a building to get a better look at some aspect of its architecture.

Combing every street in the city, Whitefield worked in haste but not without precision as he created the groundwork for what would be his latest bird's-eye view of a Canadian city. His earlier views of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto were colourful, compelling works that cleverly combined the creativity of the artist with the accuracy of the cartographer. With a bit of skilful marketing on his part, Whitefield's lithograph of Hamilton would prove to be equally successful and would soon be found in parlours, city halls, and businesses throughout eastern Canada.

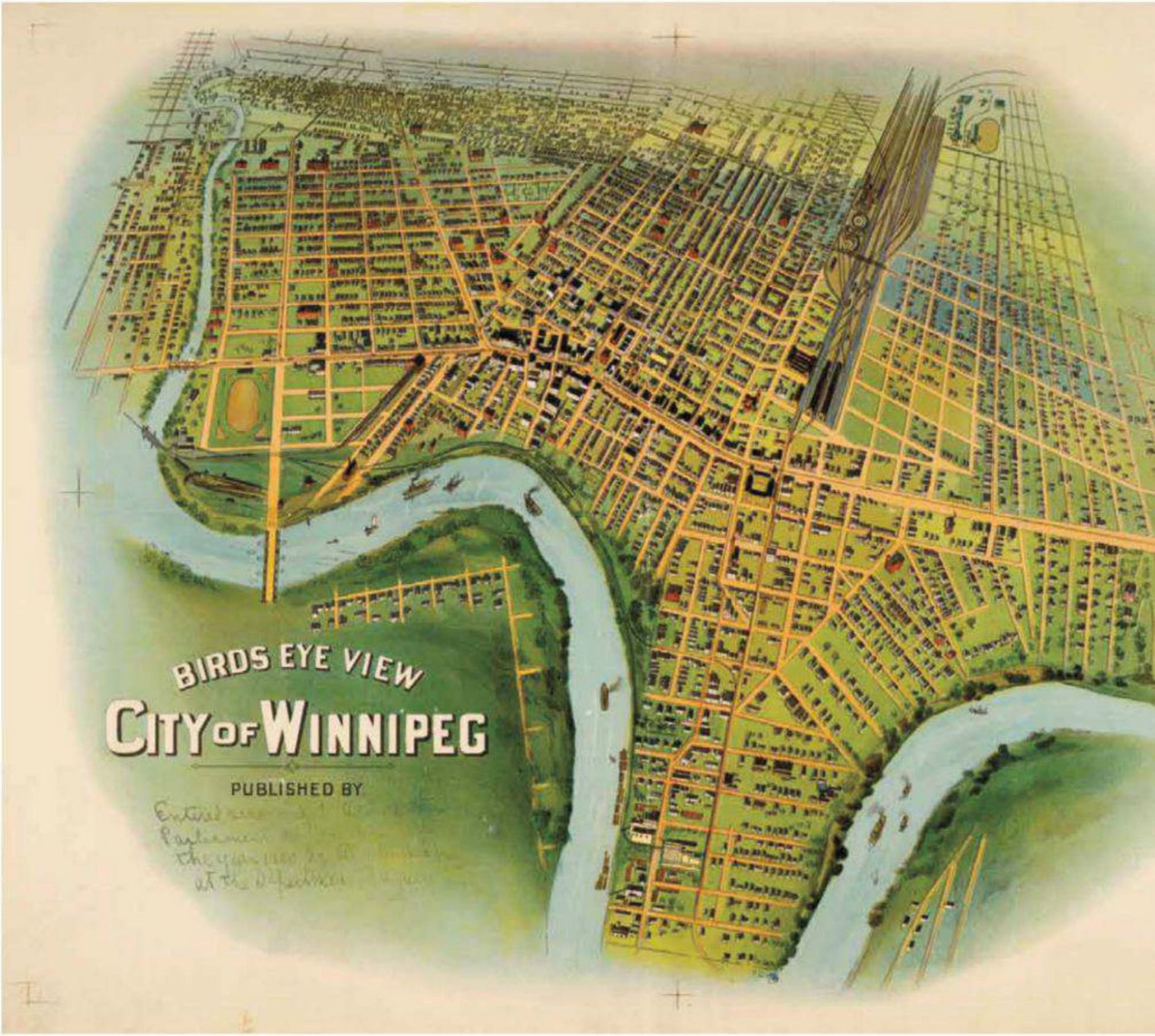
Drawn as if the viewer were perched high in the sky, Whitefield's lithographs provided a lofty perspective long before flight was available. It was a view that most folks had never seen, and it must have been very attractive if for no other reason than its uniqueness.

"Where he sat to get some of his views, unless he travelled with a balloon, will remain a mystery," Harry T. Peters, a leading authority on lithographs in his day, said of Whitefield in *America on Stone*, published in 1931.

The largely self-taught Whitefield had spent more than a decade in New England as a book illustrator and landscape artist after emigrating from Dorest, England. There he learned to show his cities in detail, but not so detailed as to reveal their imperfections.

The result was a flattering portrait of urban life: The sun is always shinning, railway yards are busy, and streets are bustling with traffic. Everything about Whitefield's bird's-eye views screamed success. It was a formula that Canada's rapidly growing cities found irresistible, and bird's-eye views were soon on every civic leader's list of must-have promotional tools. The industry quickly grew to become the most popular form of mass-printed art of its time.

Whitefield also drew conventional landscapes. Among those who took notice of his work was



Top: Winnipeg in 1900, created by W. J. Bulman.

Bottom: An 1885 bird's-eye view of Port Arthur, Ontario, by R.J. Edwards and E. Demar.

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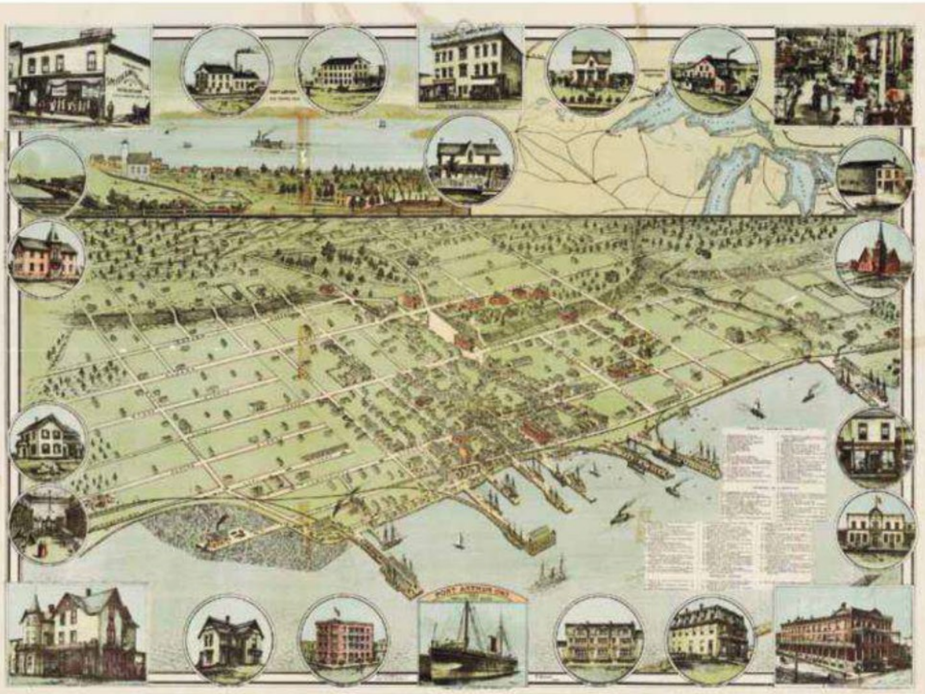

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Susanna Moodie, Upper Canada settler and author of the 1852 book *Roughing it in the Bush*.

"I must tell you that there is an artist here, who is going through the country taking sketches on all our picturesque water," Moodie wrote to her publisher, Richard Bentley, in 1854. "His views are the most truthful, and beautifully executed. He has several hundred of them, with which he intends to make a pictorial work on the Canadas."

Many of the bird's-eye view artists who followed in Whitefield's footsteps were also Americans, like Herman Brosius, Thaddeus Fowler, Henry Welle, Oakley H. Bailey, and his brother Howard H. Bailey. They worked for publishing houses in the northern states, and their forays into Canada, although prolific, were little more than sideshows to the much larger business they expected to generate south of the border.

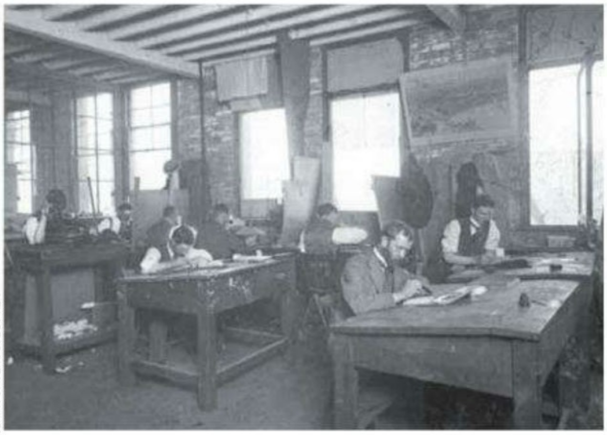
There was, of course, some homegrown talent, but Canadian artists usually confined themselves to a single region. For instance, Duncan Dunbar Currie, a part-time Methodist minister and publisher based in Moncton, New Brunswick, covered part of Atlantic Canada. In 1888, Currie published views of Moncton, Bouctouche, and Dorchester. The following year, he ventured into Nova Scotia and did bird's-eye views of Londonderry, New Glasgow, Truro, and Yarmouth. Then, in 1890, he completed views of Halifax and Lunenburg. It was a reasonable output, but after three years in the business Currie faded away, never to be heard from again.

Bird's-eye artists began their artwork by moving slowly through a community, making dozens of ground-level sketches of individual buildings. Eli Glover's 1878 view of Victoria, for example, was said by the *British Colonist* to contain "almost photographic representations of more than 2,500 buildings, a fact which will convey an idea, but only a faint one, of the extraordinary trouble the artist has been put to and the unbounded patience he must necessarily have exercised."

The building sketches would be transferred to a perspective grid that had the streets already marked on it. If the buildings were not drawn to their correct scale, someone would almost certainly complain. But only the principle buildings had to be shown; no one grumbled if privies, sheds, and shanties were left off.

From the preliminary drawing the artist would then prepare a more attractive and carefully coloured final drawing, which would be displayed around the city in an effort to attract advance sales for the printing. This final drawing would eventually be sent to a lithographer either in Canada or the United States for copying onto a printing stone.

Publishers of city views almost always attempted to limit their financial risk by securing advance subscriptions from citizens and local businessmen. Albert Ruger's 1878 print of Charlottetown, for example, was said by the local newspaper to cost "the sum of $500 … to bring the lithograph to its perfect condition." Ruger had to sell only two or three hundred advance subscriptions (the usual print run) at two or three dollars each to break even; everything else after that was profit.



CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES

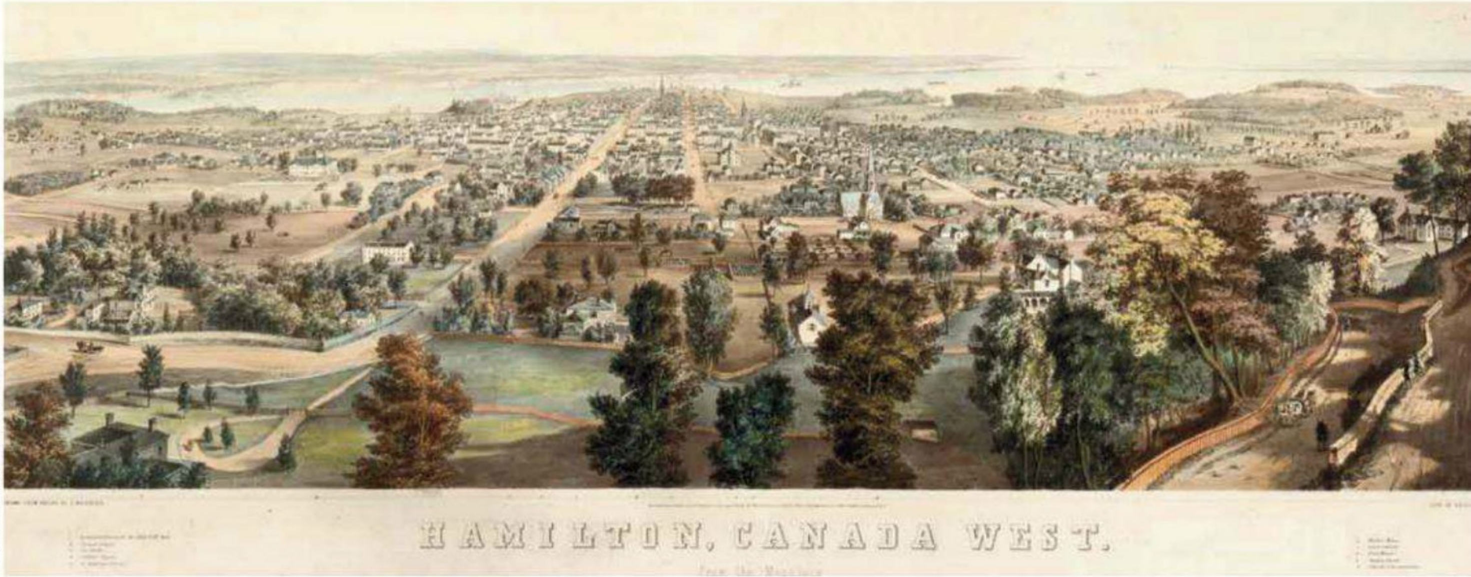
Top: Artists at the Toronto Lithograthing Company at work in 1898.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Middle: Artist Edwin Whitefield, date unknown.

But it often took as much energy to procure the advance sales as it took to prepare the drawing itself. Long after the artwork had been finished, Whitefield was often required to walk many more kilometres just to procure a single subscription. One December he walked forty-two kilometres, from Brantford, Ontario, to Hamilton in pursuit of customers. Another sales run found him crossing a treacherous, ice-clogged, Montreal harbour — first on foot, then by canoe — to visit potential subscribers.

Sometimes he relied on the influence of prominent members of a community. At Port Hope, Ontario, in 1855, his visit to the mayor and town council solicited a personal promise to make up any shortfall he might have in his subscription book. Despite his success, Whitefield found the business end of the work to be "dull" and at times wondered if it was really worth his trouble to spend so much time at it. In some cities he hired agents to solicit sales and collect fees on his behalf, so that he could concentrate on the more creative aspects of the work.



HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.

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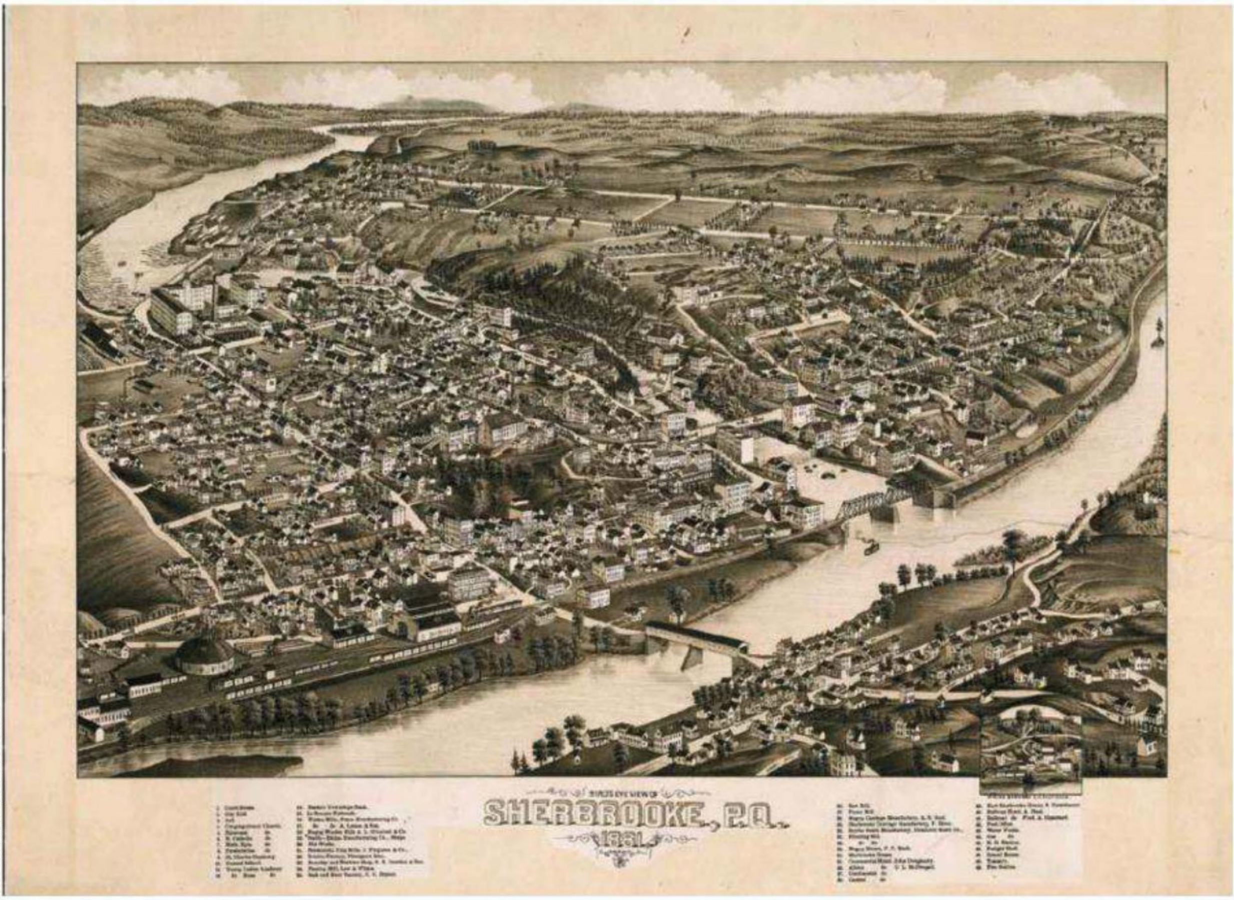
Bottom: Edwin Whitefield's view of Hamilton, circa 1854.



A view of Sherbrooke, Quebec, by Henry Wellge, 1881.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/NMC 15032

This turned out to be a good move on his part. The artistic merits of his Montreal and Hamilton views received critical acclaim at New York's National Academy of Design in 1853 and 1854; and in 1855 his views of Hamilton, Montreal, and Toronto proved to be very popular at the town fair in Paris, Ontario, and at the Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition in Cobourg. The following year, the Paris fair awarded his artworks five prizes.

A reviewer for *Anglo-American Magazine* admitted that Whitefield "has achieved a great feat — he has drawn a good view of Toronto; a thing scarcely deemed possible," while another reviewer in the *Montreal Pilot* found it unthinkable "to have completed a picture more faith-fully correct than Mr. Whitefield's view of Montreal." Whitefield himself was very pleased with his Montreal work: "Oh be joyful," he wrote in his diary in 1853. "It is a very elaborate work…."

Later view makers found other ways to enhance the commercial success of their projects. Some included marginal notes with the names of businesses, industries, professional offices, and prominent citizens, all of whom paid a fee for the privilege. Others added the name of a business or industry across a roof or building facade. Still others filled the margins with sketches of private residences and public buildings.

The ability of the bird's-eye view to embrace a city's finer qualities did not go unnoticed by civic officials. There is "no better means of advertising our city or showing the good folk 'at home' the sort of place we live in," boasted a Halifax paper on seeing Ruger's 1878 bird's-eye view of the city. Winnipeg's city councillors were equally enthralled by Thomas Fowler's 1880 work. They purchased a number of copies and mounted them on rollers so that they could be hung "in the cabins of ocean steamers, and in the sitting rooms of some of the principal hotels in the old country." Likewise, Dawson City's *Yukon Sun* was hopeful about the community's 1903 lithograph. "With a thousand of [them] … in as many offices of the greatest people of the country … the people will have a clearer idea of [the city] than any other mining town on the continent."

When Whitefield was asked why he did not use photography in his compilations, he admitted that it was not really an option because it limited his ability to play with the view. "Trees hide important features," commented Whitefield a few years before his death. "Of course in sketching I could leave these trees out partially or wholly."

Eventually photography did lead to the demise of the bird's-eye lithograph. Cameras could capture in a single day what took Whitefield and his fellow artists months of footwork.

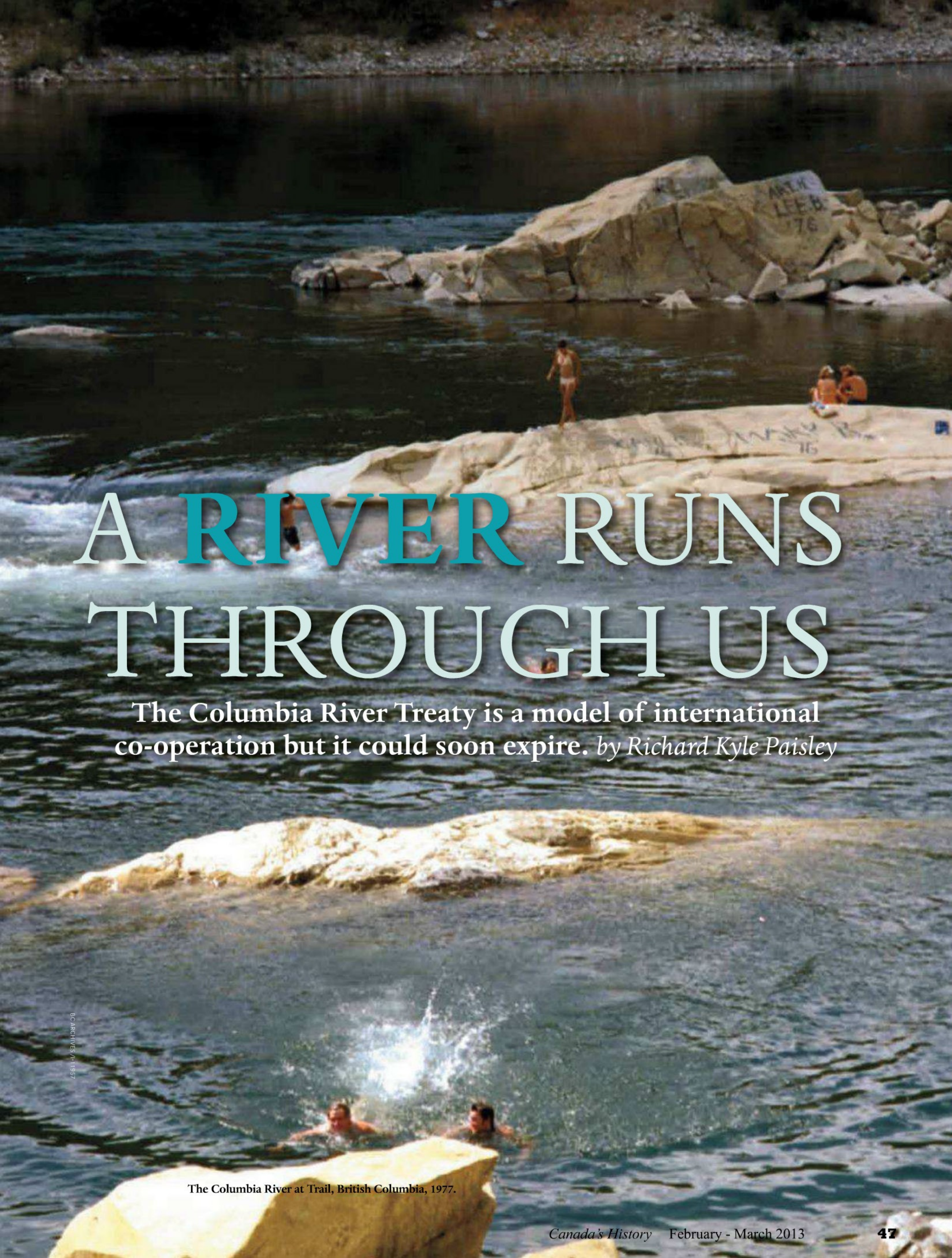
When the bird's-eye view industry finally slipped from popularity in the 1920s, it had touched every major community in the country. In the end, more than three hundred views of some one hundred cities and towns were produced.

Today, with a little imagination, these artworks can help us to walk through the corridors of time and reconnect with a long-vanished urban past. It was a role the *Charlottetown Daily Examiner* envisioned when it predicted that Ruger's 1878 lithograph of Prince Edward Island's capital would make "an interesting relic … to those that live in the future."

These relics of aerial artistry continue to provide us with powerful and seductive images of our urban landscape.

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH US

The Columbia River Treaty is a model of international co-operation but it could soon expire. *by Richard Kyle Paisley*



BC ARCHIVES/I-11957

The Columbia River at Trail, British Columbia, 1977.

The Mill. C.R.L.

BC ARCHIVES/B-02712

The Columbia River Lumber Company mill at Golden, British Columbia, circa 1900.

> *"It ought to be remembered that there is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things. Because the innovator has for enemies all those who have done well under the old conditions, and lukewarm defenders in those who may do well under the new."*
> *Machiavelli,* The Prince, *1532*

The Columbia River is the fourth-largest river in North America. Stretching from the mountains of southeastern British Columbia and flowing south across the U.S. border, its drainage area includes seven American states. In 1944, Canada and the United States agreed to talk about sharing the conservation and management of this massive river system. Twenty years later — following a devastating flood in 1948 that literally wiped Vanport, Oregon, off the map — both countries implemented the Columbia River Treaty.

As a result of the treaty, the Columbia River is now the most dammed river in North America and the continent's biggest hydroelectricity producer. It is also perhaps the classic example in the world of the successful and equitable sharing of downstream benefits between two countries.

The tremendous success of the treaty is due to its simple, clear-cut objectives. The U.S. wanted coordinated flood control and optimal hydroelectric power generation. The latter meant that dams on the Canadian side would store water, to be released for power generation as needed. Canada would receive payment in return.

The U.S. agreed to pay British Columbia an advance of $65 million — representing half of the estimated value of the reduced flood damage in the U.S. from the years 1964 to 2024. The U.S. also agreed to provide B.C. with the annual value of the marginal power generated — the so-called Canadian Entitlement. The Canadian Entitlement is currently worth between $60 million and $300 million per year; the amount varies depending on the price of electricity.

The treaty runs in perpetuity. However, 2014 and 2024 are important years. In the year 2014, Canada or the U.S. can, for the first time, give ten years notice to unilaterally terminate the treaty. And in the year 2024, unless there is an agreement to the contrary, the coordinated flood control portions of the Columbia River Treaty expire.

With 2014 fast approaching, some people on both sides of the border say the treaty is not broken, so no one should be trying to fix it. However, critics say the very simplicity that has made the treaty successful has also made it woefully out of date. For example, they say that in 1964 the enormous ecosystem impacts of the treaty on wildlife, fish, and water quality were not contemplated, the impact of climate change was largely unknown, and the Aboriginal peoples on

This article, prepared for *Canada's History,* is part one of a four-part series on environmental history generously sponsored by the Walter & Duncan Gordon Foundation.

If either country gives notice to terminate the treaty, the situation is more complex.

BC ARCHIVES/B-02712

The sternwheeler *Revelstoke* on the Columbia River, undated.

both sides of the border were not consulted, nor were their interests accommodated.

In 2011 alone, over fifteen hundred residents on the Canadian side took part in a series of community meetings to discuss issues of concern, including: The removal of debris from reservoirs so that people could use these bodies of water for tourism and recreation; how to deal with invasive aquatic species; how to avoid damage to Aboriginal archeological sites; and how to ameliorate the damage from dust storms when reservoir levels are low.

Many questions have arisen. Should Canada and/or the U.S. give ten years notice in 2014 to terminate the treaty? What would termination mean as a practical matter? If there were no treaty, is Canada still obliged to prevent flooding in the U.S.? Is there any way that the existing treaty can be adjusted to include values and interests that were not prominent when the treaty was first negotiated?

If the U.S. and Canada do nothing in 2014 or beyond to terminate the treaty then it will be business as usual, with one important exception: The current coordinated operation for flood control in the U.S. would terminate in 2024, unless there is an agreement to the contrary. As a practical matter, this would mean that flood control, particularly in the U.S., would likely be much more challenging and expensive.

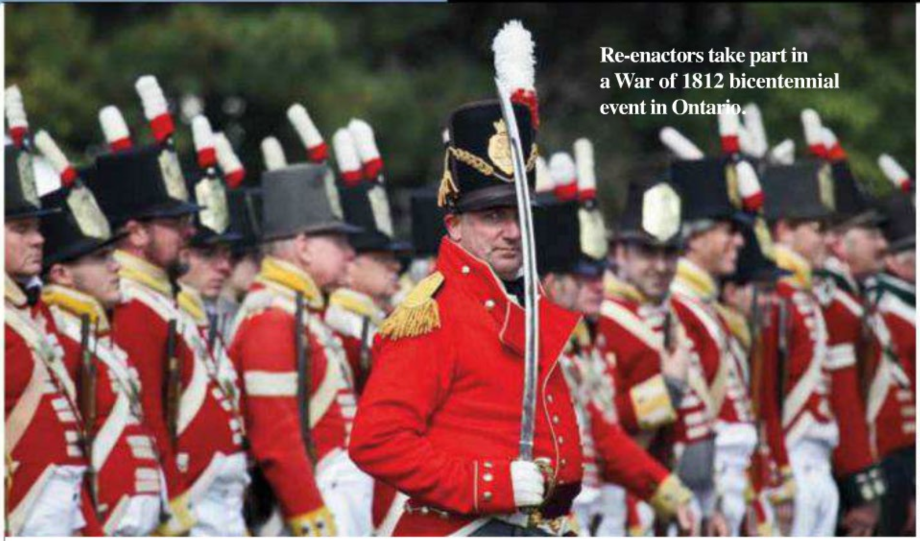
If either country gives notice to terminate the treaty, the situation is more complex. With no treaty, the U.S. is no longer obliged to pay the Canadian Entitlement. Both countries would ostensibly be free to manage the Columbia in their own territory the way they wished. How abrogation of the treaty would ultimately affect flood control, the environment, climate change, Aboriginal peoples, and other issues is not well understood. However, the sudden absence of long-standing cooperation is not likely to be good for either country.

The fact that the Columbia River Treaty appears to have worked reasonably well for the past forty years, or that international treaties are increasingly difficult to negotiate or adjust in the present political climate on both sides of the border, should not deter those who wish to see constructive change.

The pros and cons of an adjusted treaty should be evaluated in both countries. Such an evaluation should go beyond the status quo to include a critical review of how best to conserve and protect the environment, as well as to respect the interests of those living near the Columbia River. Lessons can also be learned from governance of the other 246 international drainage basins around the world.

Last, but not least, all who will be involved in determining the future of the Columbia River in 2014 and beyond should seek to overcome what Machiavelli identified as the "incredulity of men who do not readily believe in new things until they have had a long experience of them." ●

Richard Kyle Paisley is the director of the Global Transboundary International Waters Governance Initiative and a senior research associate at the University of British Columbia Institute of Asian Research in Vancouver. The opinions expressed are those of the author and do not necessarily represent those of any entity or organization with which the author has been associated.



Re-enactors take part in a War of 1812 bicentennial event in Ontario.

ANDREW WORKMAN

Fighting words

Museum name change a sign of our times. By Ian McKay and Jamie Swift

Canard is not just the French word for a duck. It is also a hoax, a false report.

This brings to mind the flaccid claims by museum bureaucrats that the remake of the Canadian Museum of Civilization is meant to have given us "greater access" to our history while eliminating some alleged confusion between the National Capital Region's largest museum and a similarly named facility in Quebec.

This is a fig leaf meant to mask the latest attempt by the Harper regime to reimagine Canadian history in the most simple-minded manner possible: Heroes and villains. Sanitized wars, fought for freedom.

Turning the Museum of Civilization into a Canadian Museum of History is another step along the warrior road. The earliest sign of the times was the government's 2009 citizenship guide, *Discover Canada* — mandatory reading for new Canadian citizens.

Canada's new citizenship guide comes complete with mind-boggling statements claiming the monarch "personifies" all Canadians. Newcomers are greeted with a quotation from John Buchan — a South African concentration camp administrator, race theorist, and former governor general of Canada.

Peacekeeping gets only a half sentence — less space than the tale of some Canadians' imperial ambition to take over part of the West Indies in the 1920s, and much less space than a panoply of pretty images of gallant soldiers and romantic battlefields.

Such is Ottawa's intense identification with the military as the foundation of Canadian identity that members of the officer class can substitute for judges at citizenship ceremonies. Ottawa, its streets bedecked with War of 1812 banners, has the martial air of a pre-1990s Communist capital — or maybe 1930s Berlin.

Perhaps most telling was last fall's attempt to treat Canada's role in NATO's bombing raids on Libya as a huge martial victory, prompting a triumph worthy of imperial Rome. A jet fighter flypast was accompanied by a parade, a choir, a twenty-one-gun salute, and a celebration in the Senate. Meanwhile, Defence Minister Peter MacKay claimed Canada had "punched above its weight" and urged us to welcome home as "military heroes" everyone who had participated.

The *Ottawa Citizen*'s Dave Pugliese noted that although the four-minute, $850,000 air show honoured cooks and clerks who had toiled in Italy, the public appeared indifferent. He also reported that the government had nixed the idea of a ceremony to recognize those who fought in Afghanistan. Maybe the Afghanistan war, the longest in Canadian history, is still too fresh in memory — and too obviously a futile waste of lives, money, and energy — to romanticize. At least, not yet.

Against this background, we can expect a new Canadian Museum of History to feature, as advertised, Maurice Richard's hockey sweater, Champlain's supposed astrolabe, and something from the Terry Fox run. Inspired by a small but militant cadre of reactionary historians, the Conservatives will send the social-history displays into the trash. The Ukrainian church, Chinese hand laundry, and scenes from the Winnipeg General Strike will fade from display — and from memory.

They will be replaced with feel-good mementoes and heartwarming heroes: tales of kings and queens, big men and big businesses, intrepid European explorers and heroic missionaries. This was hall-of-fame Canadian history as taught, and believed, by many grade school students circa 1910, a kind of history that is now not just for children; it's for immature people of all ages.

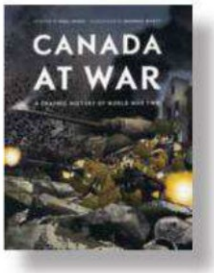
Maybe the board of trustees of the Museum of Civilization Corporation will resist this exercise in dumbing down. Maybe some of them might uneasily remember what happened to other societies governed by regimes intent on rewriting the past.

Likely not. On a board now top-heavy with monarchists, law-and-order advocates, conservatives, and businesspeople — there's even a former general who went on to work for a leading international weapons and security services corporation — there will be few dissenting voices.

Canada's extreme makeover has already meant trashing Library and Archives Canada. The government has pulverized Parks Canada as a place for serious research and turned the Historic Sites and Monuments Board into a sounding board for militarism.

And the rebranding of the Museum of Civilization will likely mean turning it into something totally different: Harperland on the Ottawa River — not a museum to a democratic civilization, but a monument to its passing.

Ian McKay teaches history at Queen's University. Jamie Swift teaches in the Queen's School of Business. Their book, *Warrior Nation: Rebranding Canada in An Age of Anxiety*, was published in 2012.



CIVILIZATION IN FRAMES

Canada at War:
A Graphic History of World War Two
by Paul Keery, illustrated by Michael Wyatt
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2012
176 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Comics were once the domain of superheroes and villains, but graphic novels have recently elbowed their way into the field of Canadian history. With Chester Brown's *Louis Riel* widely praised for capturing the complex history of Riel, the 1884–85 Métis uprising, and Sir John A. Macdonald's government's response, graphic novels offer new ways to understand the past.

In *Canada at War*, writer Paul Keery and illustrator Michael Wyatt have undertaken the challenging task of capturing Canada's Second World War experience in vivid text and sharp illustrations. With close to 1.1 million Canadians in uniform from 1939 to 1945, the Dominion's forces fought on land, at sea, and in the air around the globe. While the book's focus is on combat, Keery explores in a limited manner William Lyon Mackenzie King's wartime policies, as well as war production and the postwar veterans' experience. It is ambitious to convey this story in limited text and images. For the most part, *Canada at War* succeeds, although it is not without its faults.

In evaluating the book's strengths at communicating Canada's wartime experience, it is necessary to address both the history and the images. The story is told in a chronological-thematic unfolding, with the Canadian service arms (for example, navy, air force, and army), as well as major battles and campaigns, anchoring the narrative.

The accompanying text, usually in blocks of two or three sentences per frame, is descriptive, active, and pitched at a level suitable for middle school students. The graphics and images are very strong. Attention has been paid to the depiction of historically accurate weapons, equipment, and kit, and in some cases photographs are rendered into drawings. There is a conscious desire for authenticity.

While scholars and writers often have more than four hundred pages to cover a single campaign or battle, this book has fewer than two hundred pages of text and images in which to depict the entire war. With limited space, the book at times tries to cover too much and therefore, in places, says little of substance.

All authors face agonizing choices of what to include and what to leave out, but in this book too many stories, engagements, and formations are included, so that the narrative is often clipped as it moves from event to event. Moreover, because of this desire to include multiple stories, the vignettes and sections tend to be weak on providing historical context and in exploring the consequences surrounding battles or events, while privileging the content.

For example, Dieppe has only a single box to sum up the strategic context for the raid, about twenty frames for the battle (as well as several more in an interesting section on Reverend John Foote), but then only two final boxes devoted to the raid's consequences. The section on Transport Command suffers from the above-mentioned desire to be inclusive and provides little of substance. However, when the chapters are allowed to breathe, they are often very good, and the section devoted to the bombing campaign is very powerful, capturing many of the nuances of strategy, tactics, technology, and the human experience in combat.

This will be an ideal book for young Canadians, as it combines readable history with poignant images that neither shy away from the brutality of battle nor engage in gratuitous violence. It is also a strong primer for those who think they know about the war — the combination of text and images can evoke new meanings and allows the better visualization of, and perhaps empathy for, the enormous challenges, struggles, and sacrifice of Canadians during the Second World War.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook,** the author of six books on Canada's world wars, including his newly published *Warlords: Borden, Mackenzie King, and Canada's World Wars* (Allen Lane, 2012).

The Literary Legacy of the MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA
Making Books and Mapping Culture
RUTH PANOFSKY

BY THE BOOK

The Literary Legacy of the Macmillan Company of Canada: Making Books and Mapping Culture
by Ruth Panofsky
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2012
356 pp., illus., $45 hardcover

Ruth Panofsky's careful cradle-to-grave biography of the Macmillan Company of Canada underlines the dilemma that faces publishers here: how to balance cultural and financial priorities. By the time Macmillan Canada finally disappeared in the late 1990s, its four presidents had spent nearly a century going through every stage of grief known to their industry — branch plant impotence, bleeding balance sheets, slumping sales, government indifference. Not to mention all those thin-skinned authors who miss deadlines, resent editors, or demand more publicity. As I came to the end, I was almost suffocated by the question: Why did they bother?

It is a question even more pressing today, when the swelling crowd of self-published authors and the receding tide of readers threaten any publisher with too much taste to produce a *Fifty Shades of Grey* clone.

Yet those Macmillan men did bother, and their efforts paid off. Beyond our borders, Canadian fiction is regarded as a distinctive genre. Its particular characteristics include poetic use of language, a taste for multi-generational stories ("Canadians love their grannies," observed British biographer Victoria Glendinning, a former Giller Prize judge), and a sense of overpowering landscapes. Those traits owe much to the editorial choices made by Macmillan Canada.

What a colourful crew they were! From his appointment in 1905, founding president Frank Wise set the tone and modus operandi for the company. He recognized that the Canadian market was so small that only the sale of books from the British and American parent companies would provide any cash flow. He expanded textbook sales and co-published bestsellers by writers such as Jack London. But he also managed to slide onto his lists works he considered would help shape Canadian self-perception, including biographies and local histories.

By nature, Wise was cantankerous and rude — but it was questionable ethics rather than manners that ended his reign at Macmillans. He resigned in 1920, just in time to avoid the sack.

Wise's successor was equally flamboyant: a witty, impulsive, and gregarious Englishman whose Rosedale, Toronto, parties were legendary. (His recreation room resembled the play deck area of an ocean liner, with drinks served from the side of a lifeboat). Hugh Eayrs' ambitions to cultivate our literary landscape coincided with the cultural flowering that occurred here after the First World War. His bestsellers included Grey Owl's books, Louis Hémont's *Maria Chapdelaine* (in translation), and the Jalna novels of Mazo de la Roche. Within the cramped world of Canadian publishing, Macmillan Canada emerged as the industry leader — but the required superhuman effort led to Eayrs' early death in 1940, aged forty-six.

NEW FROM UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

MAKING MEDICARE
New Perspectives on the History of Medicare in Canada

edited by Gregory P. Marchildon

How was Medicare as we know it developed and implemented? *Making Medicare* presents the history and legacy of one of Canada's most important institutions. This volume explores the experiments that predated the federal government's decision to implement the Saskatchewan health care model from Newfoundland's cottage hospital system to Bennettcare in British Columbia.

9781442613454 | $39.95

EDIBLE HISTORIES, CULTURAL POLITICS
Towards a Canadian Food History

edited by Franca Iacovetta, Valerie J. Korinek, and Marlene Epp

'The first major modern food history I've read that dives deep, past the usual butter tarts and folksy kitchen Canadiana into the often astonishing roots of why Canadians shop and cook and eat the way we do. A kick in the maple-glazed donuts to anyone who thought Canada's food history stopped with pemmican and grannies wearing doilies.'

Chris Nuttall-Smith, *The Globe and Mail*

9781442612839 | $34.95

DEBATING DISSENT
Canada and the 1960s

edited by Lara Campbell, Dominique Clément, and Gregory S. Kealey

'*Debating Dissent* is not just another book on "the Sixties." The book challenges many of our assumptions about this legendary decade, including its exceptionalism. *Debating Dissent* makes an outstanding and original contribution to our understanding of social change in twentieth-century Canada.'

Steven High, author of *Industrial Sunset*

9781442610781 | $29.95

utppublishing.com

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Advancing Knowledge

Macmillans reached its apex with John Gray, the first Canadian-born president, who ran the company from 1946 to 1969. A more self-effacing individual than his swashbuckling predecessors, Gray helped shape a cultural identity for Canada that set this country apart from Britain and the United States — although books from those countries continued to dominate classrooms, libraries, and bookstores.

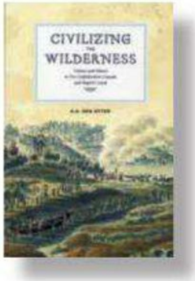
Like Wise and Eayrs, Gray nurtured his writers and took pleasure in their company, and he was deeply committed to fostering Canadian literature. He recognized that publishing is "a rough combination of art and business and guesswork" but was so committed to Canada that he turned down the chance to head Oxford University Press's operation in New York. By the end of what Panofsky calls his "Resplendent Reign," the Macmillan list included books by Robertson Davies, W.O. Mitchell, Adele Wiseman, Dennis Lee, Hugh MacLennan, Donald Creighton, and J.M.S. Careless.

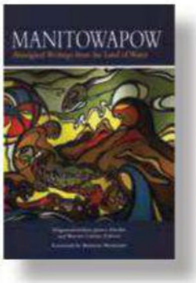
Hugh Kane came next, but Macmillan Canada was already struggling. There was no succession plan, and the company was sideswiped by the national panic over foreign ownership. Within a few years, it was sold to Maclean-Hunter, then acquired by Gage Educational Publishing. Towards the end, editor Douglas Gibson clung to the Macmillan tradition of good books by Canadian authors (notably Alice Munro), but he soon decamped to Macmillan's historic rival, McClelland and Stewart. The Macmillan imprint was gone by 1998.

Panofsky, who teaches English at Ryerson University, drops academic format and detachment only occasionally, most notably when she describes how the company relentlessly shafted female employees. Her constantly restated theme is that publishers are the architects of culture because they are the mediators and gatekeepers between writers and readers. She does not explore what makes a bestseller. She gives little sense of the larger Canadian publishing context as the industry expanded, with the help of government subsidies, and then contracted in the face of international pressures. She does not dwell on the gossip that always enlivens publishing events and mentions almost reluctantly that Frank Wise served a brief period in jail for forging visa documents.

Nevertheless, Panofsky has mined the Macmillan Canada archives for her picture of a company that for a century successfully straddled the profit-versus-literary-merit dilemma. And she has produced a valuable and insightful account of the way a handful of visionary men worked hard to shape a Canadian literary style and self-image.

Reviewed by **Charlotte Gray,** a member of the Canada's History Society advisory council and the author of eight Canadian history and biography bestsellers.





EMPIRE'S RETURNS

Civilizing the Wilderness: Culture and Nature in Pre-Confederation Canada and Rupert's Land
by A.A. den Otter
University of Alberta Press,
Edmonton, 2012
472 pp., $49.95 paperback

Manitowapow: Aboriginal Writings from the Land of Water
Edited by Niigaanwewidam James Sinclair
and Warren Cariou
HighWater Press, Winnipeg, 2011
416 pp., illus., $35 paperback

Two recent books, while very different, tell two sides of the same story: the passionate efforts of nineteenth-century missionaries to "civilize" the Aboriginal peoples of the Northwest and the perspectives, continuing to the present day, of those who were "civilized."

A key figure in both *Civilizing the Wilderness* and *Manitowapow* is Peguis, chief of the Saulteaux at Red River, who welcomed Lord Selkirk's Scots settlers, encouraged agriculture, and converted to Christianity, baptized into the Church of England as William King. Yet *Manitowapow* opens with an angry, astute letter from Peguis to a British parliamentary committee investigating the future of the Hudson's Bay Company and Rupert's Land.

Peguis complains that he has not been paid, as promised, for the lands his tribe has surrendered and expresses the wish for "a fair and mutually advantageous treaty." In exchange for his people's sober, honest, and industrious conduct, Peguis writes, we "hope the Great Mother [Queen Victoria] will not only protect us from oppression and injustice but grant us all the privileges of the whites." Faint hope: *Civilizing the Wilderness* author A.A. den Otter points out that the committee hadn't bothered to invite Peguis, or any other First Nations leaders, to appear before it.

Paternalism, as den Otter too kindly calls it — Peguis was talking about theft — was one of the ingredients of what den Otter refers to as a dynamic, optimistic notion: "It meant much more than conversion to Christianity; it also included introducing Native converts over time to the contemporary British world of science and technology, economy and industry, literature, arts and education." This imperial smugness automatically placed the conquered Indigenes, as they were called, in an inferior position as illiterate, improvident savages who needed to be rescued from their terrifying, godless wilderness.

The ecstatic, fundamentalist Christianity preached by evangelical Anglican and Wesleyan Methodist missionaries did resonate with the spirituality of the Aboriginal world view. *Manitowapow* includes excerpts from the diary of Henry Budd, a Cree raised at Norway House who, in 1853, became the first Aboriginal North American ordained as an Anglican priest. "We have attended to the usual Services today, and endeavoured to worship God in his house of Prayer, but Oh! what a worship we have rendered him!" Budd writes on March 19, 1871. "Full of sin and imperfections! Lord wash our very prayers in the blood of thy dear Son."

In *Civilizing the Wilderness*, den Otter gives a more complex portrait of Budd (born Sakachuwescam) as a gifted scholar, teacher, and charismatic preacher, in both English and Cree, who was consigned to remote missions on the Saskatchewan River, where he suffered from prolonged depressions.

Den Otter uses Budd's poignant story and those of his Anishinaabe Methodist contemporaries Henry Bird Steinhauer (Sowengisik) and Peter Jones (Kahkewaquonaby) as parables to illustrate the dual cultural identities produced by the civilizing crusade and its pernicious hypocrisy. The missionaries' insistence that the Native people become farmers, in defiance of harsh weather and poor soil, reflected their own utopian vision of recreating in the Northwest "a romanticized pastoral rural society" that had vanished in Great Britain.

Similarly, while Protestant children had to learn to read their Bibles, either in English or syllabics, for an outdoor people who travelled by canoe, boat, or cart, any book had a short lifespan, and the English-style residential school, with its harsh discipline, traumatized children and devastated communities. As the Aboriginal people learned at gunpoint during the Red River and Northwest rebellions, civilization for them did not include equality, citizenship, or the right to own land.

Manitowapow is a testament to civilization's literary success, albeit relatively recent — the majority of the anthology's writers, primarily Métis, Cree, and Anishinaabe, were born after 1930. With a few exceptions — notably, Tobasonakwut Kinew, a prominent Anishinaabe activist once named Peter Kelly — their names are Scots, French, or English.

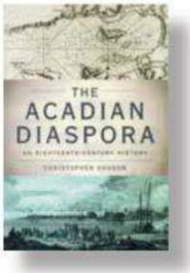
The theme of cultural duality, even multiplicity, unites this collection of some two hundred stories, poems, essays, and manifestos. Not only are the younger writers fluent in English, many are highly educated urban professionals — teachers, performers, politicians — who use the English and

Aboriginal languages as tools, or weapons, to explore and proclaim their identities.

When the Other Is Me: Native Resistance Discourse, 1850–1990, the title of a recent book by Emma LaRocque, a Métis and a University of Manitoba professor, neatly expresses Aboriginal hostility to "civilizing." *Manitowapow* includes two of LaRocque's angry poems, yet the last lines of a third, "Geese Over the City," capture the anthology's ambivalent, nostalgic tone:

Twice more
The Geese
went over the city
making me sad
that I could not see
making me happy
that I could see
there was much Cree in me
despite
town height.

Reviewed by **Heather Robertson,** whose latest book, *Walking into Wilderness: The Toronto Carrying Place and Nine Mile Portage,* has been shortlisted for the inaugural Ontario Speaker's Book Award.



SCATTERED EXILE

The Acadian Diaspora:
An Eighteenth-Century History
by Christopher Hodson
Oxford University Press, Toronto, 2012
272 pp., illus., $37.95 hardcover

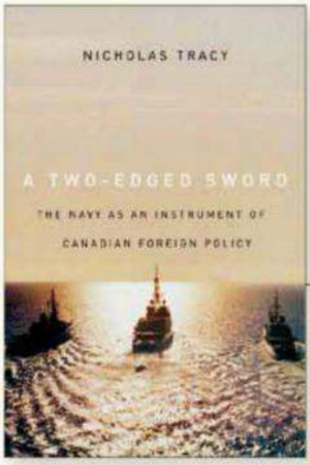
American historian Christopher Hodson's exploration of what happened to the Acadians after the British deported them by the thousands from the present-day Maritime provinces is bracketed by the deaths, half a world apart, of two men.

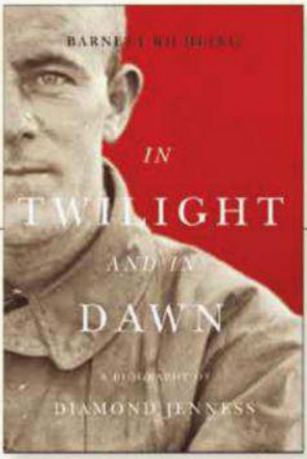
It begins with the 1838 suicide in New Zealand of Achille Gotrot, the captain of a whaling ship whose exiled father had survived a botched French attempt to use the Acadians to colonize the tropical outpost of Cayenne. It ends with the story of Charles White, who was shipped to Philadelphia with his family at age seven, changed his name from Leblanc to fit in, and amassed a small fortune by the time of his death in 1816.

Their journeys capture the theme of the book — "the role of Acadians in building empires, and the role of empires in transforming Acadians." Hodson zeroes in on the first half century of exile, after the British scattered them to far-flung points on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is a remarkable story of endurance and survival. In 1755, the first wave of exiles was sent, unannounced, to the American colonies, where they received a hostile reception as war loomed with France. A second wholesale deportation in 1758, from what is now Prince Edward Island, dumped thousands more in France.

Hodson, a professor of history at Brigham Young University in Utah, devotes much of his attention to how the exiles were deployed to shore up the remnants of France's empire





A Two-Edged Sword
The Navy as an Instrument of Canadian Foreign Policy
NICHOLAS TRACY

An examination of the Royal Canadian Navy and its promotion of sovereignty through collective defence.

In Twilight and in Dawn
A Biography of Diamond Jenness
BARNETT RICHLING

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Cutting Edge History

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after the Seven Years War. Displaced Acadians were recruited or pressured to settle in the Caribbean, South America, and even the remote Falkland Islands.

A decade of research has netted fresh archival material and important insights into the ordeal of Acadians transplanted to the southern American colonies, the French coastal island of Belle-Île-en-Mer, and other locales. But moulding these personal stories and anecdotes into a coherent narrative proved a difficult task. To trace the Acadians in exile "is to be wrenched through disjointed snapshots of confusion, anguish, and weary resolve," Hodson notes at one point. His frequent tangents and fuzzy focus threaten to leave readers feeling as bewildered as the exiles.

The Acadians disappear for page after page as Hodson wades into French intellectual history, the myth of a great southern continent, and other digressions. The Falklands episode rates an entire chapter, even though only a handful of Acadians spent barely three years there. And he almost ignores the exiles' massive migration to Spanish-held Louisiana and their return to the Maritimes, the centres of Acadian and Cajun culture today.

As well, his scattergun account of Acadian history before the *grand dérangement* downplays the bonds of family and community that sustained a sense of nationhood during the long nightmare of exile. As for the expulsion itself, Acadians who lost ancestors to shipwrecks, disease, mistreatment, and neglect will be startled to see the brutal roundup of 1755 described as "as one of the smoothest, most successful applications of power in the history of the British Empire."

Hodson's conclusions are less startling: The places and conditions thrust upon the Acadians changed them in myriad ways, he argues, and the exiles pushed back against their imperial oppressors, English and French alike, to make the best of a bad bargain. The fact that Hodson and other historians continue to explore how the Acadians defied the odds and survived as a distinct people is a measure of the Acadians' resolve and success.

Reviewed by **Dean Jobb**, a journalism professor at the University of King's College in Halifax and the author of *The Acadians: A People's Story of Exile and Triumph*.

More Books

A Wilder West: Rodeo in Western Canada
by Mary-Ellen Kelm
University of British Columbia Press,
Vancouver, 2011
312 pp., illus., $27.95 paperback

The First Stampede of Flores LaDue
by Wendy Bryden
Touchstone, New York, 2011
220 pp., illus., $29.99 hardcover

Two recent books about the history of Western Canada's rodeo culture are very different in their approach and content. *A Wilder West*, by Mary-Ellen Kelm, is a detailed overview that is academic but accessible to most readers and draws from many sources. *The First Stampede of Flores LaDue*, by Wendy Bryden, is largely the story of one remarkable woman who was a champion fancy roper. Bryden's book includes imagined dialogue and relies partly on the memory of LaDue's close friend and protege Lenore Bews McLean.

A Wilder West takes an in-depth look at rodeos from several angles, including the role of First Nations and women, the impacts on the communities that hosted these events, issues surrounding animal welfare, and efforts to "clean up" the image of rodeos. Kelm notes that the identity of cowboys as wild-living womanizers remains current, as in this 2004 T-shirt slogan: "Cowboys' Motto: Party 'till she's pretty."

The book takes an especially close look at the "Indian cowboy." It makes the interesting point that while the federal government discouraged or even forbade First Nations people from attending or participating in rodeos until the 1960s, organizers wanted Aboriginals to be present because they drew crowds and were good for business.

A Wilder West offers a nice selection of archival photos, including one of little six-year-old Joe Clark, who became prime minister, decked out in cowboy regalia and pointing a toy six-shooter. Kelm spent ten summers attending rodeos to research this book, and it shows.

The First Stampede is an easy read and suitable for younger readers. Adults might find the heavy use of imaginary dialogue and overall style too simplistic. Still, LaDue's is a fascinating story. Born in Minnesota in 1881, Grace Maud Bensel ran away from home at sixteen to join the circus as a fancy roper. Changing her name to avoid being tracked down by her father, she ended up in Canada and met her future husband, Guy Weadick, a charming rodeo man who would go on to become the driving force behind the Calgary Stampede.

The Stampede was where LaDue truly became famous. She was the event's fancy roping world champion from 1912 to 1919, retiring undefeated. As the author writes, "she opened the door for generations of cowgirls who would come after her."

— Nelle Oosterom

The Lookout: A History of Signal Hill
by James E. Candow
Creative Publishers,
St. John's, N.L., 2011
262 pp., illus., $18.95 paperback

Whenever I head back to my hometown of St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador, my eyes automatically dart to the skyline around the harbour, looking for that familiar landmark that lets me know I'm home. A beloved attraction for locals and tourists alike, Signal Hill offers striking views that often overshadow its importance as a National Historic Site.

In *The Lookout: A History of Signal Hill*, retired Parks Canada historian James E. Candow provides a broad history that centres on Signal Hill (originally called The Lookout) but extends beyond St. John's and even North America.

Reminding readers that Newfoundland was a territory shared between the English and the French for much of its history, Candow explores the many skirmishes between the two empires for control of the lucrative fishery. Such conflicts were over by the early twentieth century, when the French gave up their fishing rights and Newfoundland became a British Dominion. However, as Candow illustrates, Newfoundland remained in the global spotlight for its strategic position during the First and Second World Wars.

Candow takes a unique approach and uses Cabot Tower, the familiar structure atop Signal Hill, as a way to investigate the form of Newfoundland nationalism that emerged and evolved in the twentieth century. Begun in 1897 in celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee and the four hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland, Cabot Tower was a proud symbol of Newfoundland's strong relationship with the British Crown.

However, after Guglielmo Marconi sent the first wireless signal across the Atlantic (not from Cabot Tower, as many believe, but from an abandoned diphtheria hospital on Signal Hill), the tower became a sign of Newfoundland's modernity and independence, Candow argues. In other words, Cabot and the Crown were out, and Marconi was in.

The Lookout is a detailed history of Signal Hill and a good overview of Newfoundland's complex history. Candow's prose is reminiscent of a good Newfoundland storyteller, making *The Lookout* an enjoyable read.

— **Joanna Dawson**

Always an Adventure: An Autobiography
by Hugh A. Dempsey
University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 2011
413 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

Hugh A. Dempsey has had a many-faceted and illustrious life and career, as is told in the heartwarming book *Always an Adventure*. He was a child of the Depression era born to a World War I veteran who had married an English lady repatriated to "the bleak Canadian Prairies." Life situations took the family to Edmonton. "Even the patches on my trousers had patches," Dempsey recalled.

He realized that he wanted to be a writer when he landed a job at the *Edmonton Bulletin*. When the paper folded in 1951, Dempsey found employment with the Publicity Bureau of Alberta. While there, he published the booklet *Historic Sites of the Province of Alberta*.

Dempsey married Pauline Gladstone of the Blood Tribe and credits her and her father, Senator James Gladstone, president of the Indian Association of Alberta, as helping to open many doors and to make numerous friends in the Native community.

His lifelong interest in history — particularly Native history — led the once shy and insecure young man to become an archivist, administrator, historian, lecturer, and public speaker. In his time with the Glenbow Foundation, he feverishly acquired historic materials. Dempsey also worked with the Indian Association of Alberta and the Historical Society of Alberta.

"I don't know that I ever contemplated writing an autobiography," Dempsey states, "but as I've always been an inveterate diary keeper and pack rat such an end might have been inevitable." With his latest book, Dempsey has provided a fascinating account both of his personal life and of the history of Western Canada.

— **Beverley Tallon**

COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Prisoner of Paris

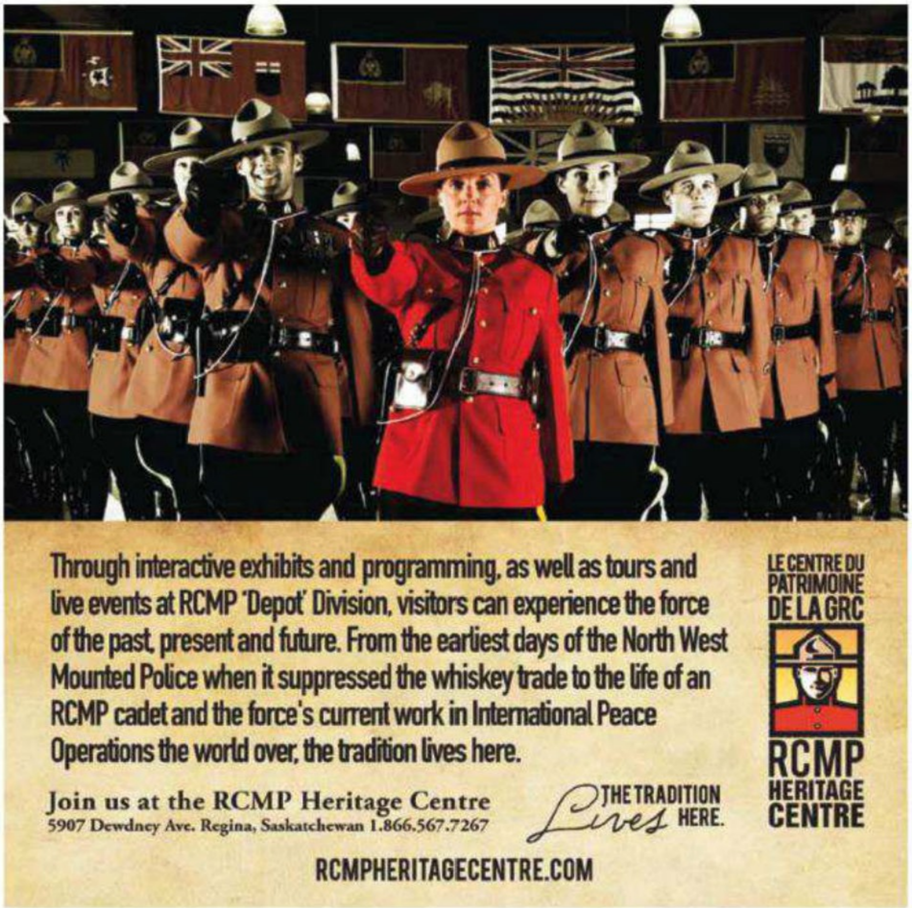
Canadian artist Claire Fauteux went to Paris and settled in to make a home in what was then the cultural centre of the world. But her most memorable paintings are from when she was a prisoner of the Nazis. *by Ray Argyle.*

Resting for Peace

When a young photographer bluffed his way into a Montreal hotel in 1969, he didn't realize he would become part of counter-culture history — John and Yoko's bed-in for peace. *by Mark Reid.*

Women and the War of 1812

Everyone has heard of Laura Secord. But what about all the other women who played important roles during the War of 1812? *by Dianne Graves.*



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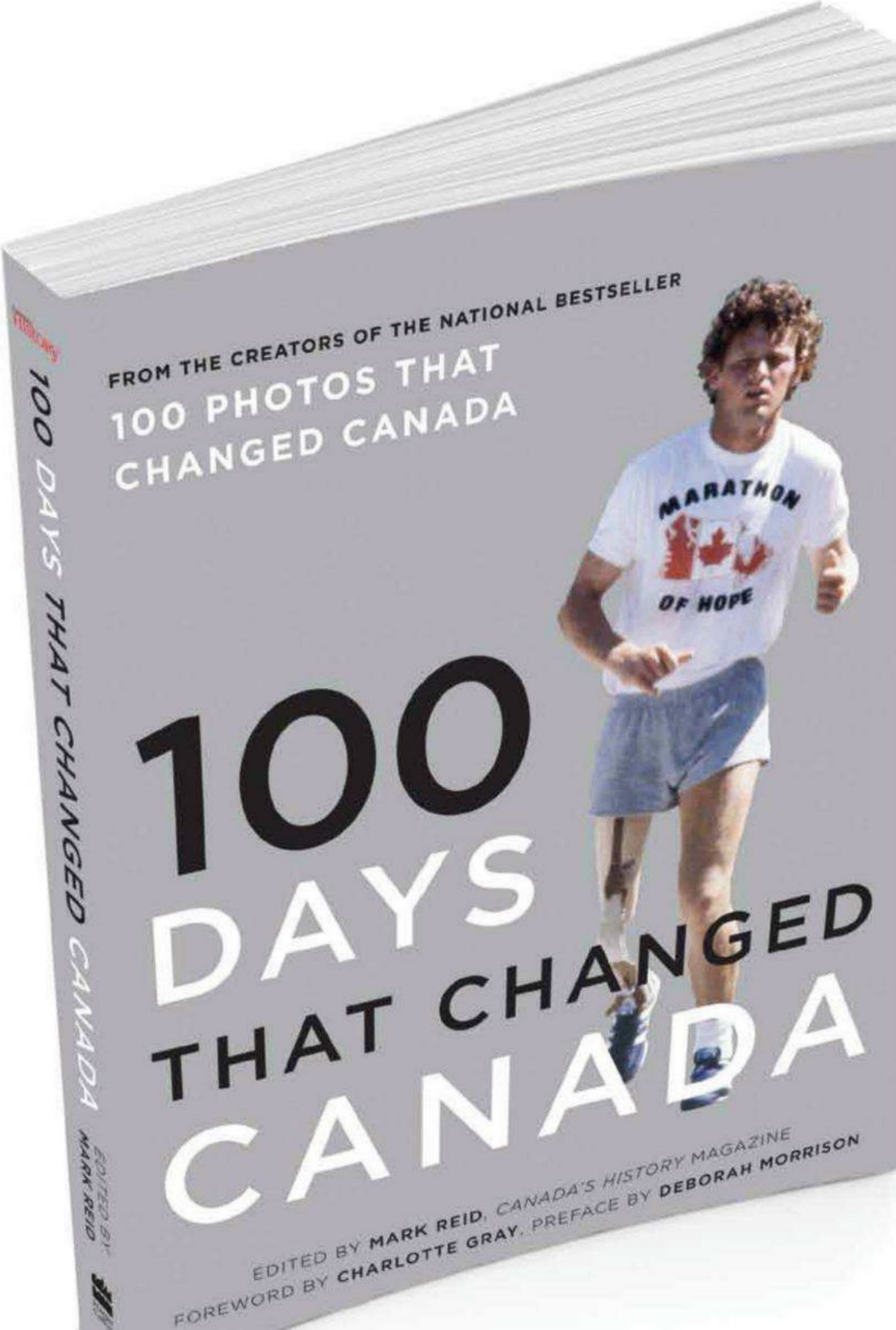
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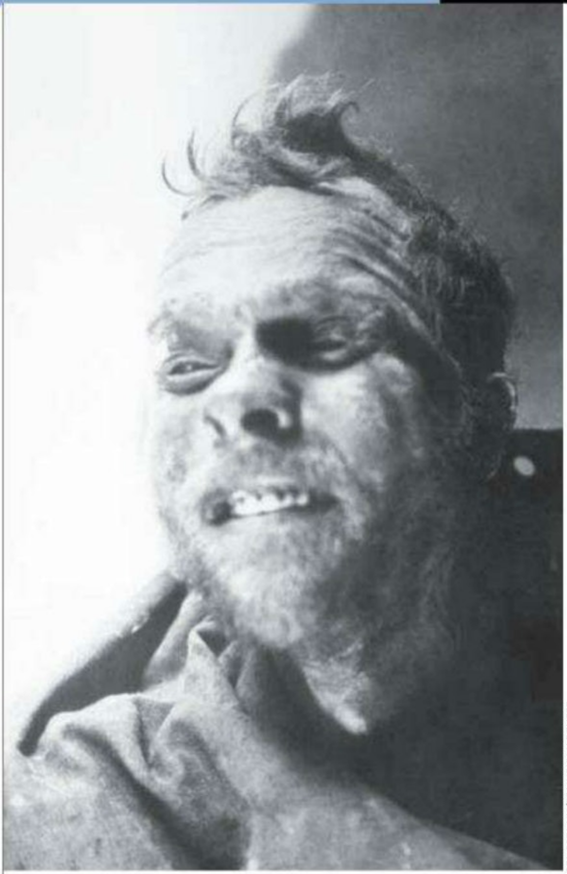

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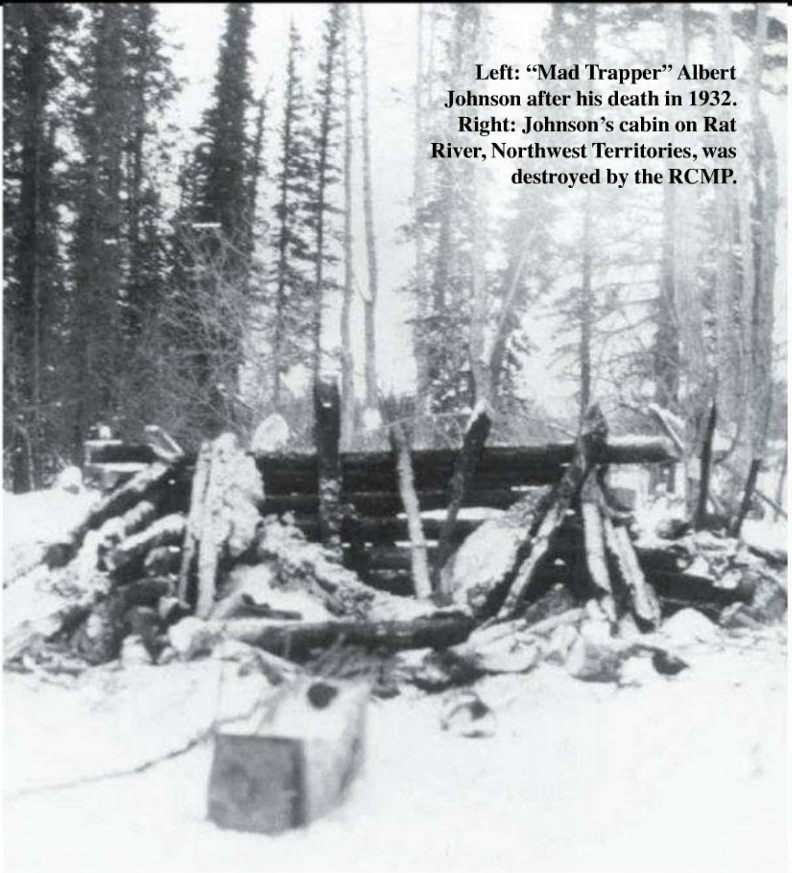

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Left: "Mad Trapper" Albert Johnson after his death in 1932. Right: Johnson's cabin on Rat River, Northwest Territories, was destroyed by the RCMP.

Caught by the Mad Trapper

Modern-day wilderness man Jay Merrett is haunted by one of Yukon's greatest mysteries.

The mountains of the northwest hold a mystical allure to those of us who love the wilderness. I cut my teeth in the gentle hinterlands of New Brunswick, but by the time I turned eighteen in 1991 Yukon's mountains were whispering my name across vast seas of boreal forest. I packed my outdoors gear, bought a one-way ticket to Whitehorse, and bid goodbye to everything I knew. I was as romantic as I was naive, hoping to live in the past, to find a place time had forgotten.

I arrived to find a wilderness of dizzying scale and menacing beauty. I soon sought out Yukon's elders — mentors who could teach me the old ways — as I hoped to earn a living through trapping.

The old-timers all spoke of one individual from Yukon's past in mythological terms — a legend among Canadian woodsmen, one I have sought to understand ever since hearing the tale. The press labelled him the Mad Trapper of Rat River, but those who know his story well just call him Albert Johnson.

Johnson was a mysterious wilderness man who became embroiled in a deadly struggle with authorities during the winter of 1932. He appeared in the isolated Peel River region of the Northwest Territories the previous summer.

Described as a strange, quiet man with blue eyes and a stooped posture, he travelled alone through the Arctic wilds using old trails and primitive means.

His brief appearance in Fort McPherson alarmed the residents of the area. In late December, a Gwich'in trapper complained to the RCMP that the reclusive newcomer was tampering with traplines in the ancestral hunting grounds of the Native people. RCMP officers, led by Gwich'in guides, went to Johnson's tiny cabin at Rat River, on the fringes of the labyrinthine Mackenzie River delta, to question him.

For reasons that were never clear, an escalating series of violent confrontations erupted between Johnson and the Mounties at his cabin, during which Constable Arthur King was seriously wounded.

Johnson eventually managed to escape from the cabin and fled to the mountains in the dead of a particularly savage winter, travelling on homemade snowshoes and carrying his backpack and firearms.

RCMP officers, military personnel, Aboriginal guides, and citizen volunteers coordinated a massive manhunt. Yet Johnson evaded capture for seven weeks, displaying unbelievable stamina. His skill in bushcraft and mountain navigation stunned those familiar with the region.

On January 30, 1932, the posse caught

up to him, and a shootout ensued, killing RCMP Constable Edgar Millen. Again Johnson managed to escape. He then accomplished a feat no one thought possible — crossing the Richardson Mountains into Yukon during a raging blizzard with little food and no climbing gear. RCMP took the then-unusual step of enlisting an airplane to help in the search. The pilot, World War I ace Wop May, eventually found Johnson's tracks from the air.

The posse caught up with Johnson on the frozen surface of Yukon's Eagle River on February 17. Exhausted and severely emaciated, Johnson nevertheless fiercely resisted, wounding H.F. Hersey, a sergeant with the Canadian Corps of Signals, before dying in a hail of police gunfire.

Ever since I left Yukon, the legend of Albert Johnson has haunted me.

In recent years I have been conducting my own investigation into the episode that ended his life. I've talked to many people who have strong opinions about him and about what happened to him. Many see Johnson as a criminal from the south on the run from the law. But there is little evidence to support this — the wilderness skills he demonstrated are subtle arts learned over a lifetime on the land, not picked up on the fly by a desperate outlaw.

He is frequently caricatured as insane. A 2007 documentary on the failed effort to identify him through DNA analysis portrayed him as a cackling madman. Yet the Mountie responsible for capturing him, Inspector Alexander Eames, described him as cool and rational.

While little is certain, we do know that Albert Johnson was an unusual man who alarmed the local people with his sudden arrival out of the deep wilderness on foot and almost empty-handed. Soon after, a relatively minor trapline dispute spiralled out of control.

More than eighty years after his death, Albert Johnson remains an enigma. His origin and motivation are deep riddles, while the tale of his final season on the land haunts us still.

During my time in Yukon, I experienced a series of frightening close calls in the bush. They left me intimidated by the severity of the elements and overwhelmed with the challenges involved in running a trapline alone. I was too young and inexperienced.

Disillusioned, I abandoned plans for a career as a northern trapper and returned home to New Brunswick in the spring of 1993. Yet, in the years since that time, my passion for this nation's lonely places has not faded.

As I drift off to sleep, I still hear those mountains whispering my name, and I suspect that before too long I'll answer their call. This time, I'll be on the trail of a legend.

Jay Merrett is a land surveyor and adventurer. His travels have brought him to Yukon Territory and the interior of Labrador. He bides his time between trips North by seeking out remote corners of his native New Brunswick.

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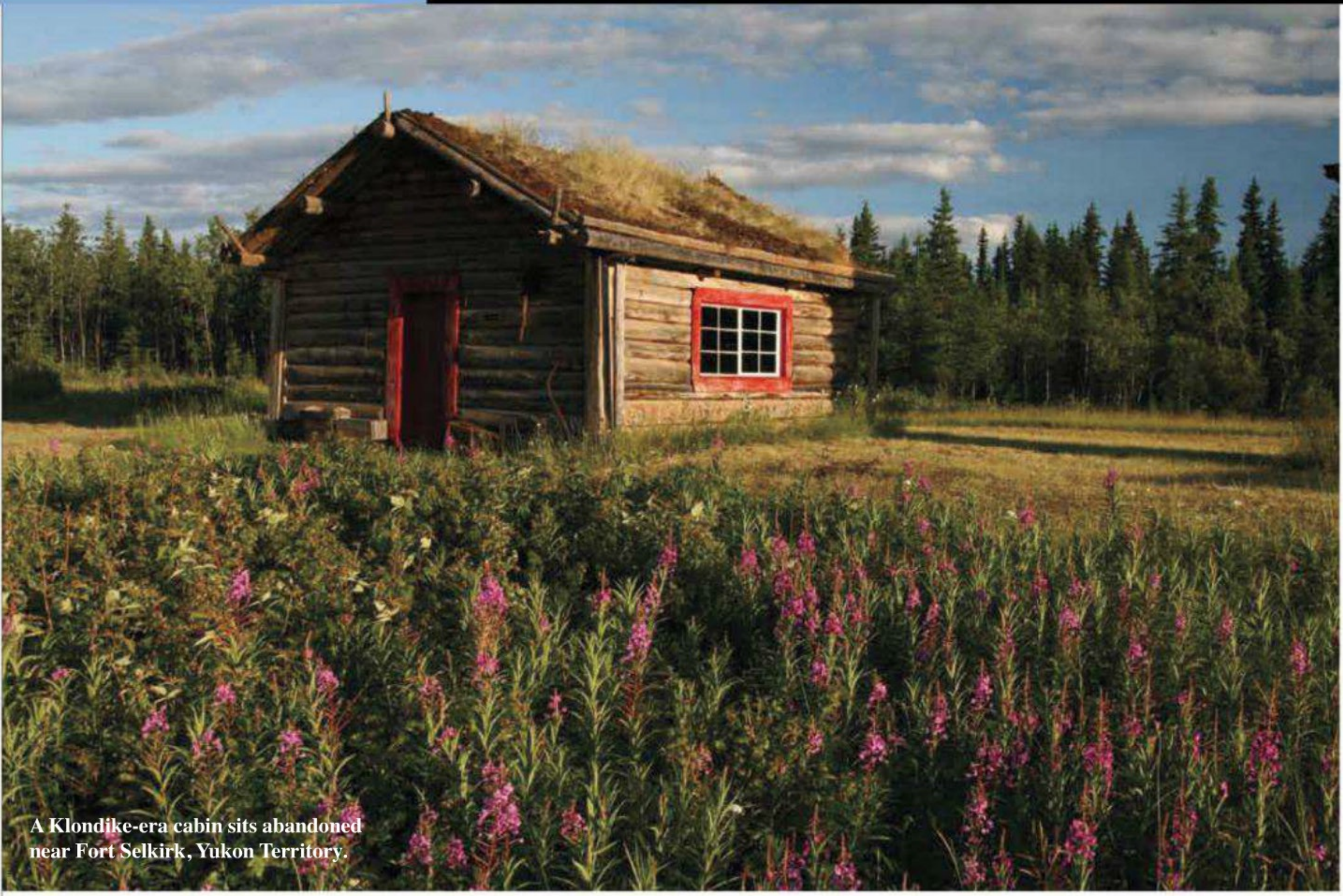


A Klondike-era cabin sits abandoned near Fort Selkirk, Yukon Territory.

ALLEN MACARTNEY

Ghosts of gold

A canoeist visits Yukon's abandoned mining settlements.

by Allen Macartney

"What am I doing here?!"

Sheltered under my canoe, which was overturned from a terrible storm raging along the shore of Yukon's Lake Laberge, the question echoed inside my head. But as an avid Klondike gold rush history tourist, the answer came readily: I was retracing the gold rush route, visiting as many isolated ghost towns as possible before they completely disappeared into nature.

In 1898, thirty thousand stampeders from around the world hauled their gear over Alaska's rugged Chilkoot and White passes and headed for the Klondike's fabled goldfields. The Yukon River provided a ready route into the wilderness. Today, the river provides almost the only access to most of the few remaining ghost towns. Spurning a guided canoe trip, I decided to retrace the miners' riverine trail alone. What an adventure!

After I paddled north from Whitehorse for several days (about a hundred kilometres) Lower Laberge came into view behind a wall of overgrown bushes. Only seconds were needed to find traces of its past splendour.

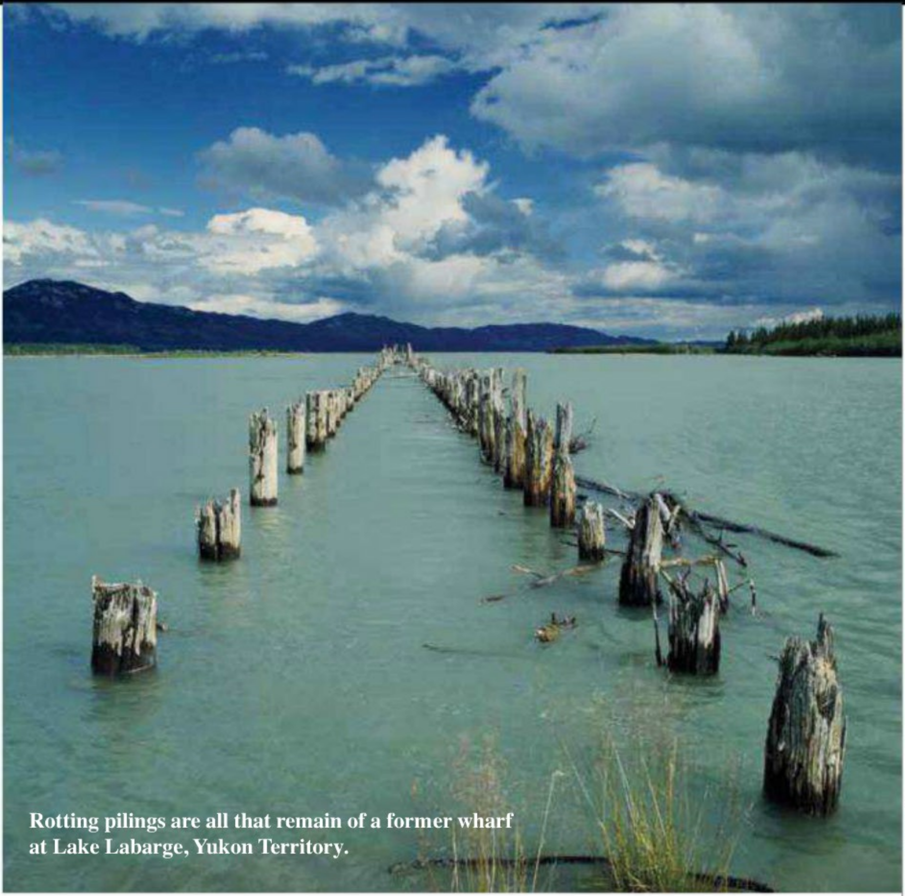
Looking like a partly exposed prehistoric mammoth skeleton, the rotting ribs and bow of the paddlewheeler *Casca* poked up through gravel beside the river. Here, I set up my tent amid rusting cables that lay strewn on the shore.

Next morning, I explored a narrow pathway that led into the thick forest and I discovered a partly rebuilt telegraph. During the gold rush, Lower Laberge boasted a North West Mounted Police post, a wood camp, a store, and other conveniences. After swatting my way through clouds of mosquitoes and back to my canoe, I set off downriver for Hootalinqua, fifty kilometres north, where the Teslin and Yukon rivers meet. I reached it that evening. A nearby stream provided water for supper and a mug of sweetened tea.

Most Klondike-era log cabins featured a dirt floor, tiny windows improvised from tanned moosehides or bottles, and a solitary stove in the middle to keep searing cold subarctic temperatures at bay.

The space between individual logs was chinked with forest moss and mud. Roofs were fashioned from logs with a thick carpet of dirt piled on top to provide insulation and limited shelter from summer rain. In spring, a riot of colourful wildflowers sprouted from these forest roofs.

Just a long stone's throw from the NWMP post at Hootalinqua, the paddlewheeler *Evelyn* still stands upright (though tilting) on supports where dockside workers left her so many decades ago.



Rotting pilings are all that remain of a former wharf at Lake Labarge, Yukon Territory.

ALLEN MACARTNEY

Built in 1911 in St. Michael, Alaska, to supply Yukon mining camps, she could accommodate eighty-five first-class passengers. Several years after launching, she was damaged near the isolated town. She never left.

Today, around her lies evidence of a once-thriving shipyard: rotting steel cables, horse-drawn capstans for hauling ships out of the water, steam boxes for bending planks, and rusting boilers.

Over the next week, I visited a handful of other ghost towns, including Big Salmon and Little Salmon, near where the Salmon River joins the Yukon. Some consist of little more than a composting pile of logs. Often I camped amid such rotting ruins.

Hundreds of kilometres downriver from Whitehorse, where the Pelly River joins the Yukon, Fort Selkirk stands tall on the western bank. It's a spectacularly successful joint venture between the Yukon government and local First Nations to rebuild a Klondike town to its former glory. Today, many cabins have been rebuilt using original logs, including a large Anglican church complete with brilliant stained glass windows.

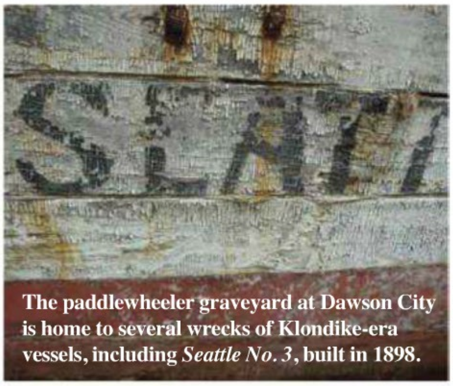
In 1898, Ottawa dispatched the Yukon Field Force — a volunteer Canadian military unit — here to protect Canadian territory from the flood of American miners. Looking across the river, I could see several shattered rock walls — the result of artillery practice by the field force. On this day, peregrine falcons are nesting in the crags.

Most miners were drawn here for a single reason — gold.

As we travel this forbidding country, I ponder the transient nature of the settlements we visit. In general, most miners didn't come to the Klondike to settle down. They were drawn here for a single reason — gold. Women and children were rare sights in the bush. As a result, they built their log cabins as temporary shelters — often little more than elaborate lean-tos.

These rough shacks quickly disappeared back into nature after being abandoned by their owners. The roof usually was the first to go — a victim of heavy snowfalls — followed by one or more walls.

About fifty kilometres north of Fort Selkirk lay the ruins of Selwyn. Paddling into the community, I tried to imagine it as it was in 1898: a bustling spot complete with a NWMP post, a telegraph station, a post office, and a clutter of log cabins. After the gold rush ended, Selwyn, for a time, survived as a wood camp, producing fuel for the steam-powered sternwheelers plying the river. All that remains today are the husks of two former log cabins.



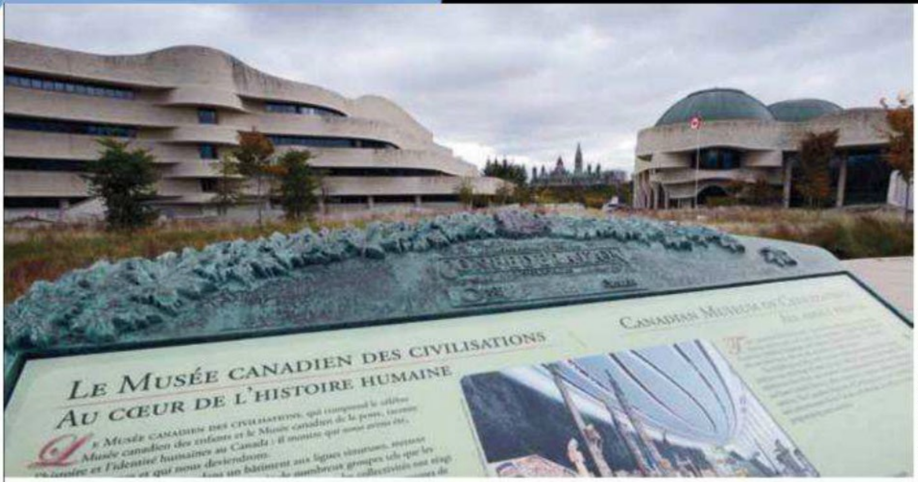
The paddlewheeler graveyard at Dawson City is home to several wrecks of Klondike-era vessels, including *Seattle No. 3*, built in 1898.

ALLEN MACARTNEY

Three weeks after leaving Whitehorse, I reached Dawson City at the Klondike Valley. On the west shore of the Yukon River at Dawson you can follow an overgrown trail for one kilometre to a paddlewheeler graveyard.
Here you'll find at least three paddlewheelers still visible — one perched right on the side of the river. Amazing!

The Klondike gold rush began and ended quickly with a great flourish. But even today, its ghost towns still whisper dramatic stories of courage and excitement — a reflection of Yukon's colourful heritage.

Last summer, Allen Macartney retraced the route of the Klondike miners (1,500 kilometres in total) by canoe, historic railway, and hiking. His solo adventure trek was sponsored by the Royal Canadian Geographical Society


Le Musée canadien des civilisations
Au cœur de l'histoire humaine
Canadian Museum of Civilization

SEAN KILPATRICK/CANADIAN PRESS

Avoiding the name game

Is the rebranding of the civilization museum a nasty plot? Not really. by Deborah Morrison

When the federal government announced it was rebranding the Canadian Museum of Civilization as the Canadian Museum of History, critics were quick to pan the decision as the latest evidence of a plot to simplify and militarize our history. How stunning to discover that we are now engaging in debate about our national history, rather than ruminating over whether or not we have one. When and how did that happen?

Noted Canadian historian Marcel Trudel once wrote, "there is nothing more dangerous than history used as a defence, or history used for preaching; history used as a tool is no longer history." It's as much a caution to be heeded by critics as it is for the federal government.

There are some inconvenient truths about key investments Ottawa has made over the past five years. These include permanent funding for the Canadian Museum of Immigration at Pier 21 in Halifax and for the Canadian Museum for Human Rights in Winnipeg; these mark the first times our national museum infrastructure has been located outside of the Ottawa region.

The government also provided a $20-million fund for the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, designated exclusively for public education about residential schools, and a $34-million investment in programs that inform the public about injustices experienced at different times in our history by Canada's Chinese, Italian, Indian, Japanese, and Ukrainian communities. These initiatives address some of the most difficult and complex aspects of our national history and give the communities most affected a voice to retell these stories.

These commemorative initiatives came about because of the historic apologies made by the federal government. They were extraordinary milestones, as is the War of 1812 bicentennial. If every fifty or one hundred years we mark the only time Canada's "separate existence" has been directly threatened, that is hardly overplayed. Moreover, I believe the "official" version of the story has improved with greater focus on the involvement of Aboriginal Canadians.

We happen to be at a period in time where many significant political and military milestones in our history are approaching. It's not a plot; it's just how it all happened. It would be ludicrous to suggest that the one hundredth anniversary of the First World War, the seventieth anniversary of the liberation of Holland, the centennial of women securing the right to vote, or the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Confederation should go unmarked in any special way.

While it is important to commend the positive investments this government is making in history, the picture is far from perfect. There is the continuing debacle over the establishment of the Portrait Gallery of Canada. Glaring omissions in the juggernaut of new commemorative investments include the fiftieth anniversary of medicare, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the introduction of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and the repatriation of the Constitution. And we should be very concerned about a recent decline in funding to other areas of historical infrastructure.

There have been reductions in access to Library and Archives Canada, cuts to Parks Canada's interpretive and educational services, and the complete shuttering of the national census. All are very distressing. These cuts run deep. Sustained neglect means there will be fewer stories to commemorate in future.

History requires context and perspective to be well understood. Perhaps the reason this government (like most of its predecessors) has had such a fragmented approach to our past is that there has never been a single cultural institution in the country given the mandate to focus on it. This is, in part, the extraordinary opportunity the Canadian Museum of History represents.

Mark O'Neill, the museum's CEO, says a key priority will be to work with museums and cultural entities across Canada to share collections and create travelling exhibits. The museum recently initiated a series of public consultations and expert round tables in eight cities to discuss the role and mandate of the new institution. This collaborative process will not be a panacea for everything that's been cut — or all that we require — but it is good start. There is no easy road to build such a museum well.

The reimagining of the Canadian Museum of History will unfold over the next five years, regardless of which party wins the next federal election. It will shape a generation's perspectives and attitudes toward our history. For this reason alone, it merits our full attention and support. We should not squander this opportunity by playing petty politics with our past.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History.

CANADA'S
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CANADA'S HISTORY: THE WORLD WARS
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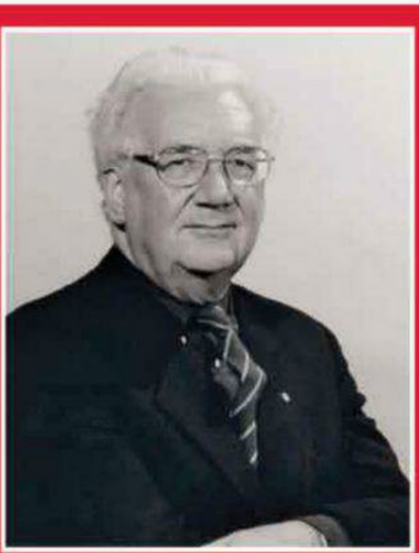
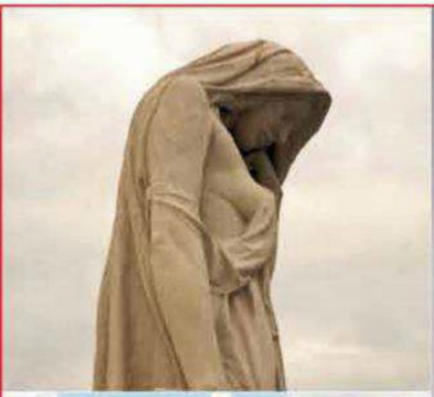
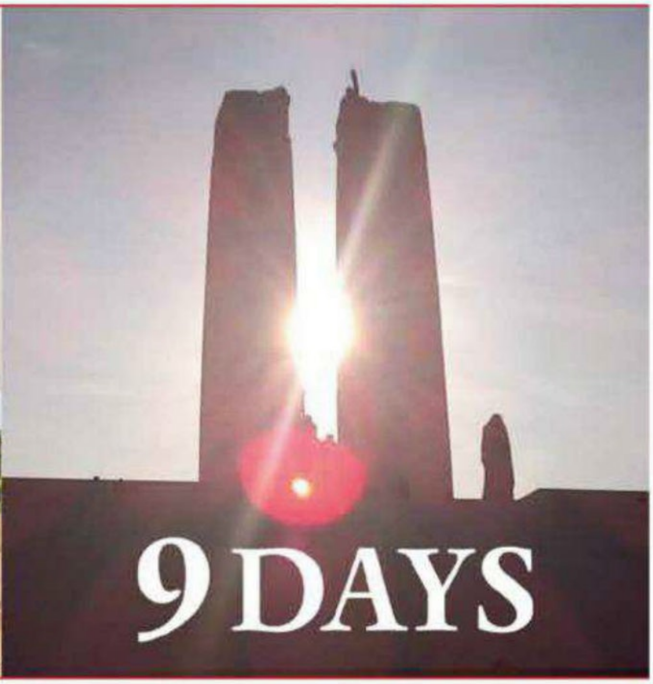


Author/Historian
Jack Granatstein





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Day 3 Brussels • Arras
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Meet your marker

Family history enthusiasts welcome new advances in DNA testing.

My friend Elizabeth is thrilled. An adoptee, she has almost certainly identified her birth father after a search of more than forty years. Little did she realize that the truth would be extracted not from a musty register or an octogenarian's fading memories but from the sequencers and analyzers of a state-of-the-art laboratory. Through DNA testing not available to the public just three years ago, researchers like her are now resolving formerly hopeless family history problems.

Until recently, genetics offered limited utility to genealogists. True, DNA testing occasionally exhibited immense potential, as in the demonstration that Thomas Jefferson (or a close male relative) fathered at least some of the children of his slave Sally Hemings. But it also had unfortunate limitations. The most robust tests applied only to DNA inherited through strict paternal or maternal lines of descent — for instance, a father's father's father or a mother's mother's mother.

Too bad if you were attempting to prove a match to your mother's father's father, or your father's mother's mother, or some other ancestor who deviated from the strict male or female lines. As a case in point, fully ninety per cent of our Victorian-era forebears are not connected to us through strict paternal or maternal lines.

Some tests claimed to identify a broader range of relatives, but they were severely, if not totally, compromised by the paltry number of DNA markers analyzed by the technology of the time.

Genealogists became experts at reframing their problems so that the available tests could be made to apply. Women would routinely recruit their fathers, brothers, or paternal uncles as surrogates to explore their patrilineage. This tactic remains useful in exploring the paternal line.

Men are somewhat luckier in that they carry the particular DNA required for a maternal-line test — they just can't pass it along to the next generation. As I write, this wrinkle may prove conclusive regarding a recently unearthed skeleton conjectured to be the remains of England's Richard III. If DNA can be extracted, it will be compared with a present-day sample taken from a matrilineal descendant of one of Richard's sisters. This plan presupposes that there is an uninterrupted family line from the fifteenth century that will allow ready identification of today's living descendants.

So what's changed to remove the irksome restriction to paternal and maternal lines? First of all, the technology. DNA analysis is now so turbocharged that hundreds of thousands of locations across one's genome can be checked without having to remortgage your home. The service I use examines more than 700,000 of these markers for US$289 per person. This huge sample allows detailed calculations to determine the probability, with a high measure of confidence, of the degree of relatedness of two individuals. We get clear-cut and statistically credible predictions that two individuals are siblings, first cousins, second cousins, and so on.

Secondly, a critical mass of people — estimated to be into the hundreds of thousands — has now taken such tests. My 700,000-plus markers are pretty meaningless to me in isolation. Only when compared to other profiles do they assume significance. Through the database assembled by my testing company, I now have access to newly discovered third and fourth cousins with whom I can work on our joint family trees. Perhaps these distant relatives have different family stories, documents, and heirlooms that can enrich my own research. Over time, as more and more people do the tests and end up in the database, I will be introduced to increasing numbers of "lost" cousins.

More dramatic, though, are breakthroughs that would have been unthinkable via conventional research. In his recent book, *Finding Family*, genealogy blogger Richard Hill details his quest to find his birth parents after a chance 1964 disclosure that he had been adopted. By late in the last decade, Hill thought the matter had been resolved; but he was wrong, deceived by the limited statistical reliability of early DNA analysis. Finally, earlier this year, the most powerful DNA test on the general market provided unarguable confirmation of the last pieces of the puzzle: the true identity of Hill's biological father and half siblings.

Discoveries like this change lives, not just for the researcher but also for newly found family members. Elizabeth and her new half sisters can't wait.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, consultant, and avid genealogical researcher.

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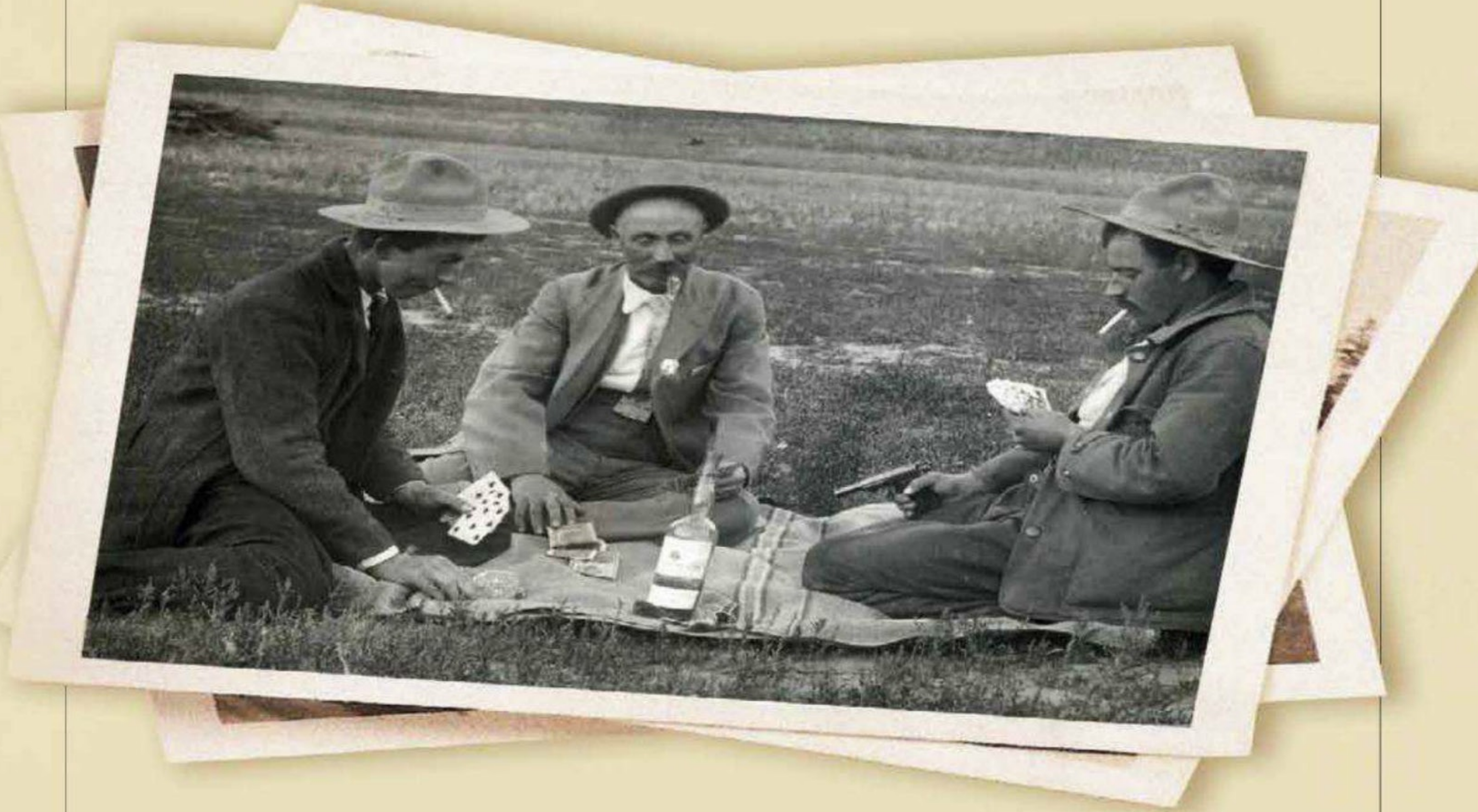
CANADA'S HISTORY

Harvie Walker is the grandnephew of Augustus Toplady "Top" Bassett. Walker lives in New Westminster, British Columbia. Text by Ryan Kessler.

Serious gamblers



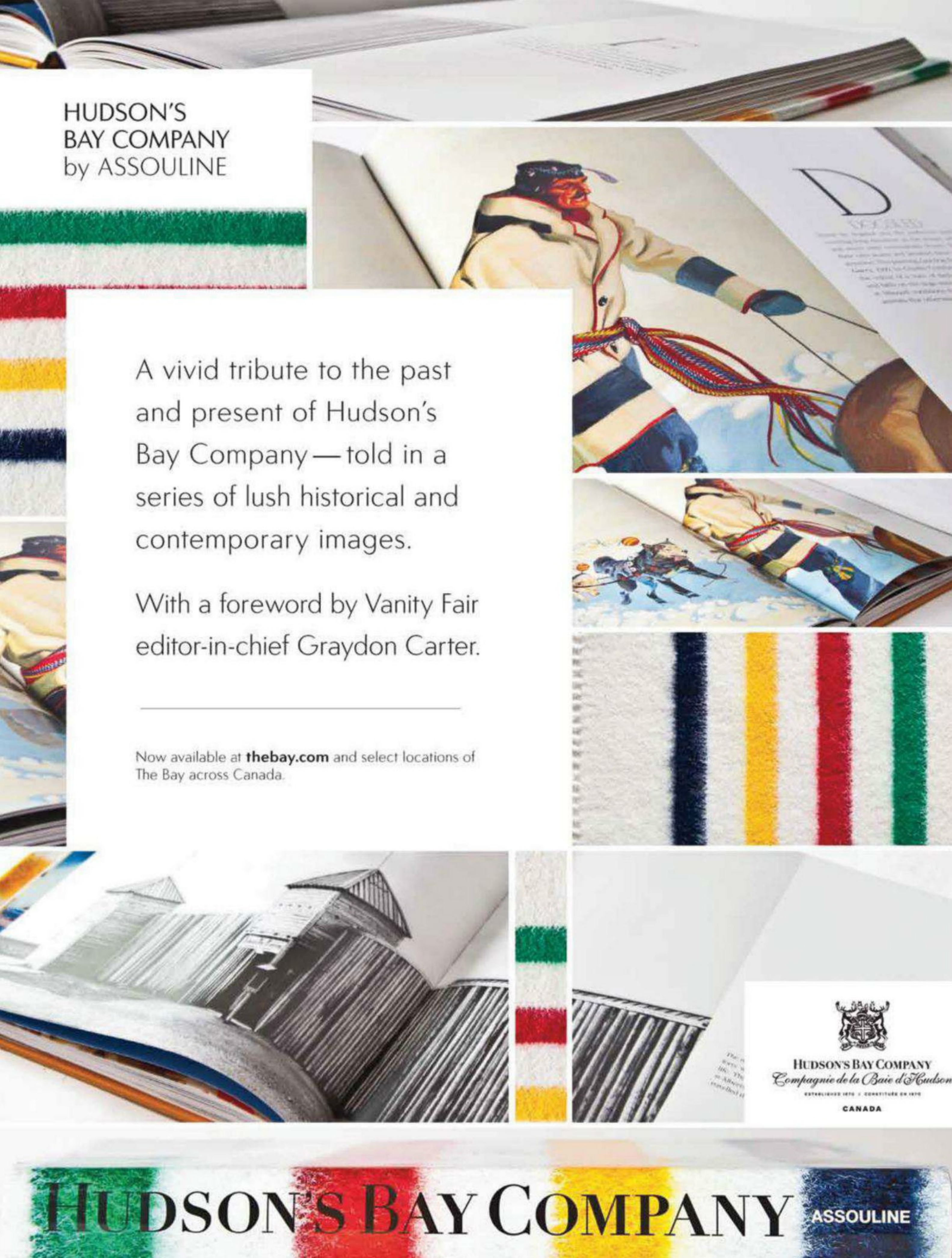
This staged photo has been in Harvie Walker's family since prior to the First World War. Walker's grand-uncle Top Bassett sits in the middle of the group. On the left is Scotty Amos, a ranch hand at Okanagan Falls, B.C. The man on the right holding the pistol is unidentified but he evidently "keeps the game honest."

The picture was taken circa 1911, judging from the Dominion of Canada-issued one-dollar bill that Bassett holds at the ready to place a bet. One-dollar bills from that year now range in value from $40 to as much as $420.

The photo shows Amos using one hand to place a bet while using the other to hold his cards. Sometime after the picture was taken, Amos lost his right hand in an accident. He replaced it with a mechanical hook, on which he relied for all of his daily activities, including — as Walker recalls — rolling cigarettes like the one he is smoking in this picture.

Though the third man is unknown, Walker's mother seemed to think he might be a member of the Brent family, who lived in Okanagan Falls at the time.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.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